Week ending December 1 1945 Every Thursday—Threepence

JOHN BULL

JOHN BULL TO-DAY No 5 The Farmer by Stanley Herbert •

ATOM WONDERS TO COME by Dr. JULIAN HUXLEY

"Well, she was ready enough to take the blame, unlike some! But we police know it usually takes more than one to make an accident. A little forgetfulness on one side, and a bit of selfishness on the other, and before you know where you are, you've got a smash-up."

Peace has made the roads *extra* dangerous. Many drivers are rusty or new. Many children born during the war have never seen heavy traffic. Drivers, cyclists, pedestrians—don't blame the other fellow! Be doubly careful yourself and take no chances. That's the way to

Keep Death off the Road

Issued by the Ministry of War Transport

It's up to us to keep fit

THERE are three golden rules for fitness. *First:* regular exercise. *Second:* fresh air. *Third:* good food.

Of these simple rules the third is not *quite* so simple as it looks! The fact is that the most appetising food is not always the most nutritious. But there is an easy way to make certain that every meal you eat, however frugal, is rich in nutriment. You simply replace the missing goodness by taking a little pure yeast. Yeast is the richest known natural source of the B Vitamins. Yestamin is yeast in tablet form. When you take Yestamin you take pure dried yeast highly concentrated. You'll like its savoury taste and you'll soon feel the benefit of its vital goodness.

YESTAMIN

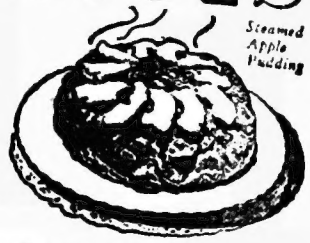
Vitamin B1 HCl	30 *I. U. per gram.*
Riboflavin	65 *mcgs. per gram.*
Calcium d-Pantothenate	63 *mcgs. per gram.*
Niacin	455 *mcgs. per gram.*
Vitamin B6 HCl	34 *mcgs. per gram.*

TABLETS 1/1½, 3/- *per bottle*

The English Grains Co. Ltd. Burton-on-Trent.

FOOD FACTS

Delicious dishes from left-over bread!



Eat as much bread as you need, but the world is desperately short of wheat and flour, so please don't *waste* any. Don't buy any more bread than you want and use the whole loaf down to the last crust. But this needn't be as dull as it sounds!

You can make lots of *delicious* dishes with stale bread, as these recipes show. And don't forget that *every* recipe which appears in Food Facts has been tested first in the Ministry of Food kitchens.

Beef Charlotte

(For 4.) *4 oz. breadcrumbs; 1 teaspoon Worcestersauce; 1 level teasp. salt; ½ level teasp. pepper; ½ lb. tomatoes; 4 oz. corned beef.*

Mix crumbs with seasonings, chop tomatoes, saving some for top, and flake meat. Arrange in a dish, beginning with crumbs, tomato, meat, then a layer of crumbs and slices of tomato. Sprinkle margarine over top, and bake in moderate oven 25-30 minutes.

Crumb Fudge

(For 4.) *2 level tablespoons syrup; 2 oz. margarine; 2 oz. sugar; 2 oz. cocoa; few drops of vanilla, peppermint or orange essence; 6 oz. dried crumbs.*

Heat the syrup, margarine, sugar and cocoa gently until all is melted. Stir in flavouring and then breadcrumbs. Mix thoroughly and turn into a well-greased tin; spread evenly and mark lightly into fingers or squares. Leave for 24 hours.

Steamed Apple Pudding

(For 4.) *¾ lb. stale bread, soaked; 2 oz. flour; 2 level tablespoons sugar; 2 large apples, peeled, cored and sliced (¾ lb.); ½ level teaspoon mixed spice.*

Drain water from bread and beat. Mix in flour and half sugar. Arrange apple slices in bottom of greased basin; put half bread mixture on top, then rest of apples, sugar, and bread mixture. Cover, steam 2 hrs.

TIPS FOR USING UP CRUSTS

- Bake crusts in the oven till dry and crisp. Crush them into fine crumbs with a rolling pin. Use for coating food for frying and for recipes like those here.
- Use crusts to thicken a thin soup. When soup is quite hot, put in the crusts cut in small pieces and boil up together. Beat with a fork, to blend with the soup.

HOUSEHOLD MILK. New Household Milk tins are now in some of the shops, but many grocers still have supplies of the familiar tin with blue lettering. The milk is equally good in both tins.

This winter it's vital not to waste bread

MORE FOOD FACTS BY RADIO AT 8.20 A.M. ON THURSDAYS

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.I. FOOD FACTS No. 260

CARRERAS 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

Mrs. Futura's Wedding Cake was BAKED BY A VALVE

Not only the cake but the whole of the wedding breakfast—cooked by an ELECTRONIC VALVE-OPERATED COOKER! Mrs. Futura's home will be equipped with a number of electronic devices which will save many hours of weary drudgery.

"Wishful thinking," you may say. But at Mullard, where we work unceasingly in the development of Electronics, we say "Nothing is impossible—in the homes, in the offices and in the industries of tomorrow."

ELECTRONICS IN INDUSTRY TODAY

Quite a number of Factory Owners save fuel by installing ELECTRONIC SMOKE CONTROLS to give warning of excessive chimney smoke. Valves have solved many industrial problems. If you need advice think of Mullard.

MULLARD

THE DOMINANT NAME IN ELECTRONICS

Radio Valves and other Electron Tubes

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HSE., SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.C.2

Nobody Writes to Me!

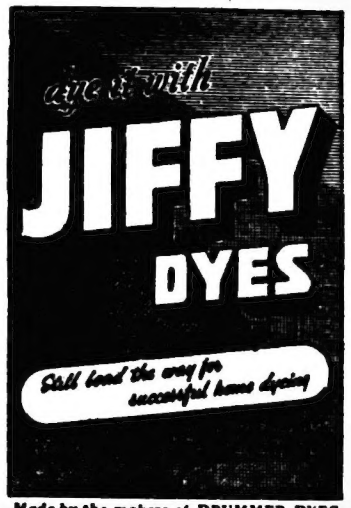
If nobody plays "postman's knock" with you, are you sure the reason isn't dingy teeth?

Use Colgate Dental Cream twice daily and be proud of your Colgate-clean teeth . . . brilliantly white teeth in a fresh and fragrant mouth — with that fascinating shine and sparkle which are so much admired.

Play Safe! use COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Twice a day

1/1 *Including Tax*

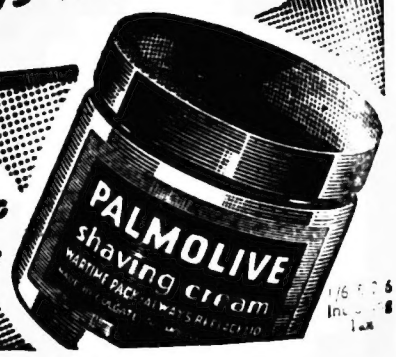


Made by the makers of DRUMMER DYES
EDGES, BOLTON

J3

MILLIONS OF FACES ARE FEELING FINE THIS MORNING

THANKS TO THE SOFTENING SMOOTHING SOOTHING LATHER OF



A caress that started before they met

Their romance started before ever they met . . . two hours before . . . when Poudre Tokalon had put that final, glamorous touch to her personality. She knew that Poudre Tokalon would keep her looking fresh and lovely through all that romantic night. Mousse of Cream is the secret of a complexion that remains smooth and flawless for hours. Poudre Tokalon is the heart-disturbing powder, that surrounds you with the natural perfume of flowers, that brings the bloom of youth to your complexion.

Five modern shades to choose from — Apricot, Natural, Peach, Brunette, Rachel.

Poudre TOKALON

'Home is the sailor . . .'

The day is not far distant when the family will once again gather round the hearth, while the firelight sheds its companionable glow, and the grate sparkles and shines as if in joyous accord with the new-found happiness of reunion. . . . It's no trouble to keep the grate bright with Zebo. A rub-over, a quick polish, and the job is done.

ZEBO

Liquid Grate Polish

Reckitt & Sons, Hull and London

write to JOHN BULL *about it*

The number of readers using this helpful Service increases each week. You, too, have a problem? Then write for our expert advice

MUST THIS WOMAN GIVE EVIDENCE?

"A FRIEND OF MINE promised to become a witness in a case which is due to be heard shortly. It is about a complaint concerning a loud-speaker which is a nuisance to neighbours. She was told there were seven other witnesses but they have all cried off.

"The plaintiff has told my friend that if she does not keep her word to appear as a witness she will be penalised. I want to know if she is legally bound to appear. She has not signed any agreement to do so and no one else heard her make the promise.

"My friend does not wish to appear and is very worried and upset about the whole business."

✓ Tell your friend she is not obliged to attend Court as a witness unless she receives a subpœna to attend and is given money to cover her expenses for the day. This is called conduct money.

Electrician's Training

"I AM to be demobbed very shortly and should like to know how to get a vocational training course. I am a single man, but have to support my widowed mother whose only income is 10s. a week pension.

"I want to become an electrician and learn house-wiring. If I become trained for this work, shall I be allowed to join the electricians' union?"

✓ I could answer your questions more briefly if you had told me your age and what you were doing before the war. However, I will give you an idea of the whole scheme.

If your full-time war service prevented you from starting or completing your training for a skilled job, you can certainly apply for the sort of training you want.

You can also apply if you need a course of training which will enable you to get a job *in keeping with your capacity*. That is the official language. It means that the country cannot afford to waste a man with good ability by keeping him in an unskilled occupation.

You should apply for the Vocational Training at your local Employment Exchange as soon as you are released.

If you are over twenty and live at home while you are training, you will be given an allowance of 60s. a week. If you are more than two miles from the "centre," you will get travelling expenses in addition. But if you are given a free midday meal at the training centre, the allowance will be docked by 5s.

If you cannot live at home during training, you will be allowed 35s. a week plus expenses for lodgings—usually reckoned at 30s. a week.

With regard to your mother, if you can show that she is dependent upon you for support, it will be possible to get another 10s. a week for her.

About your final question—the Trade Unions are making arrangements to enable trainees to join after the

Continued on page 22.

THEY FIGHT OUR HUNGER

by HANNEN SWAFFER

AGRICULTURE, a distressed industry before the war, is now to be guaranteed a settled market at fair prices.

Inefficient in 1939, it was so mean that farm workers—until recently called "farm labourers," despite their skill—were campaigning for a minimum wage of £2 a week!

In two generations, the number of agricultural hands declined by 50 per cent. Between 1927 and 1939 no fewer than 300,000 workers left the land because of their poverty. Now, the minimum wage is £3 10s., which is little enough.

Even to-day, when the farmers have been told what and where to grow, Professor Orwin, an expert, states: "Much of the farming equipment is obsolete. For many years, farmers as a whole have been unable to produce anything from the land without State assistance.

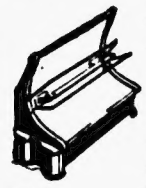
"Agriculture is probably more heavily subsidised than any other industry. When farmers point to a market of £500,000,000, they forget that half of it is provided by the taxpayer."

A tenth of our people are directly concerned with the land. Upon its prosperity, because of efficient management, much of our future depends. But land-control is essential, if the landlords are not to exact more toll.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

It's all done with mirrors!

This is why you should always keep the reflector of your electric fire clean and polished. Just as a misty or dirty mirror does not reflect a clear image, so the reflector of your fire will *absorb* much of the heat of the element if it is coated with dust or film. Polish it with a spot of paraffin whenever it looks dull and you'll get more heat for the current the fire consumes — don't touch the element. And don't light your coal fire until later in the day. If you feel chilly during the day, use your electric fire; and *always* use it when you do not need to heat the whole of the room.



GRAHAM-FARISH

Portable Electric Fires

Graham-Farish Ltd., Bromley, Kent. Branches at Perry Road, Bristol, and 9, South King Street, Deansgate, Manchester

ews-11

Planning a new home?

Are you one of the many who are planning to start a new home — maybe soon—or maybe later on? If so, plan ahead. Plan to make it clean, cosy and comfortable. Plan to make it efficient and economical. Plan to save yourself time and work. It's largely up to you to see that Electricity is used in every room. Visit your Electricity showrooms to discuss your problems.

ELECTRICITY IMPROVES

V for value P for preference

. . . and 6/6—the price of the British wine that has kept its good name and quality all through the war years.

Sorry we can't promise *more* V.P. yet; supplies of Grape Juice from the Empire are still restricted. But wherever you find it you can still be sure of a real good wine—the same quality, the same strength; the same price; V.P. (Point Brand) 6/6

V.P. POINT BRAND Wines

RICH RUBY · SWEET WHITE · BRITISH SHERRY **6/6**

Produced and bottled by Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey

HOW *Heartening!*

Now she can again enjoy the best of all breakfasts

Heartening indeed to know that Quick Quaker Oats are back—satisfying, time-saving, enjoyable — all their goodness and purity sealed in the familiar package. Ask your grocer for Quick Quaker Oats.

Quick **QUAKER OATS**

Q.O.333

FOSTER CLARK'S SOUPS

FIRST CLASS

OXTAIL
GREEN PEA
KIDNEY
TOMATO

Ah! BISTO

GRAVY—FOR A HAPPY CHRISTMAS ROAST

BEAUTY SPECIALIST
to your clothes

Your clothes have to have regular attention if you want to keep them as smart and clean as new. Beaucaire, the amazing dry-cleaner, takes away spots and stains, dust and grime from coats, hats, suits, knitwear, gloves, ties, etc. It is absolutely safe because it is NON-INFLAMMABLE. Use Beaucaire for household furnishings too. You'll be delighted with the results.

Beaucaire
The Superb Dry-Cleaner
From Stores, Drapers and Chemists everywhere.
1/-, 2/- & 5/- PER BOTTLE
Beaucaire Laboratories, Vauxhall Grove, London, S.W.8.

...but I've got a tin of NESCAFÉ!

It's only human to show off when you've secured a tin of Nescafé. For we are still unable to keep pace with growing demand. But isn't it worth looking for! You can make, straight in the cup, in a jiffy, stimulating, full-flavoured coffee. No grounds; no bother; no coffee-pot to wash. Just sheer enjoyment from a really *good* cup of coffee.

NESCAFÉ IS A SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT composed of coffee solids, with dextrins, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma.

18

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

Sound advice from someone who knows

MRS. B.: *I've tried everything, Nurse. How can a food bring me relief?*
NURSE: Because it corrects the cause of your condition, which is lack of "bulk" in the foods you eat.
MRS. B.: *But, Nurse, I get plenty to eat.*
NURSE: I don't mean that, Mrs. B. But, you see, the staple foods that make up most of our diet are almost completely absorbed into the system. The residue left in the intestines is not bulky enough for the intestinal muscles to "take hold of." They cease to work, you get constipated.
MRS. B.: *But how can I get this 'bulk'?*
NURSE: Just eat Kellogg's All-Bran for breakfast. It's a natural bulk food and supplies the intestines with the bulk they need.
MRS. B.: *I hope it's not disagreeable.*
NURSE: It's a crisp, delicious breakfast food. You'll love the flavour.
MRS. B.: *I'll start on it tomorrow, Nurse.*
NURSE: You'll be glad you did. Eat All-Bran every day, drink plenty of water, and you won't be bothered by constipation any more.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
3 points a packet, price 7½d.

FINE, THANKS!

I eat something crisp and crunchy every day.
When I can get it, I prefer
RYVITA
CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD

COLMAN'S MUSTARD
Be sure it is freshly mixed

Fortify the inner man. All porridge is rich in sustaining goodness. *But the FLAVOUR alone* makes you greedy for the goodness in

Scott's porage Oats
GROWN IN SCOTLAND—QUICKEST HOT BREAKFAST

"I Always Insist on Drene Shampoo" says

ROSAMUND JOHN
Star of Two Cities Films
You, too, can be like the stars—treat your hair to an "All-Star" Drene Shampoo and see for yourself how it sparkles with fascinating highlights. Drene is quick to use and leaves all types of hair as easy to set as A B C... lovelier, more glamorous than ever before.

drene
7½d. and 1/10½d. THE SHAMPOO OF THE STARS

"Mars are marvellous"

They certainly are! Just chunks of sheer delicious goodness made with chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, milk to nourish.

Mars
ZONED TO THE SOUTH

JOHN BULL December 1 1945 Volume 78 Number 2059 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

CHURCHILL AND EDEN: NO REPRIEVE

Teachers' Example. Jack Lawson Still Alive? London's Horror Shows. Lord Alanbrooke Under Fire. Parsons in the Pub. Monty Says No. What's Wrong with Sport?

NOW, AS WE PREDICTED five weeks ago, a crisis has been reached in the ranks of the Opposition.

It was not lessened by Mr. Churchill's slashing jibes at the meeting of Tory back-benchers the other day. On the contrary.

Members of his Party who extolled his virtues during the General Election are now after his blood. Though he has promised to make the Opposition more effective, they are not likely to be satisfied if he continues to attend Debates but rarely.

He has been given a respite, not a reprieve.

Reformers in Revolt

"Our leadership is weak and ineffective. Churchill must either make up his mind to lead us properly, bearing himself the real duties of Opposition General, or he must make way for somebody else!"

This is the view of Quintin Hogg, Peter Thorneycroft, Hugh Molson and the rest of the very vocal "young men" who have become known as the Tory Reformers.

Far less vocal, but far more effective, is R. A. B. (Rab) Butler, ex-Minister of Education. He, with R. S. Hudson, Southport M.P., shares the views of the Tory Reformers. He puts it tactfully.

Eden Out?

If Winston were to retire into the rôle of Elder Statesman, it seems inconceivable that Anthony Eden would not succeed him. But what was inconceivable a few months ago is highly probable now.

Eden, argue many Conservatives, is a great man with national popularity. But is he tough enough for the day-to-day, gloves-off battle which the younger Tories are anxious to begin?

Next week, the Opposition will launch an all-out attack on the Government with this problem of leadership still unresolved. The Government can be expected to take full advantage of this situation.

Up to Winston

JOHN BULL believes a Parliament with an Opposition divided will not be as good as it ought to be. British politics are better when the Government faces a fighting team on the other side.

So far, there has been little sign that the Conservatives have realised that Opposition, no less than Government, carries with it real responsibilities.

That is why the Conservatives should settle their differences quickly. The final decision will rest with Mr. Churchill. What that decision will be is the great Parliamentary question mark of the moment.

Education Example

THE NATIONAL UNION OF TEACHERS is setting a grand example to trade unionists.

Dilution is an ugly, but essential, word in the language of reconstruction. The teachers have done more than accept the principle of dilution. They are working hard to see that the "dilutee teachers" get every chance to do their job in the best possible way.

Under the leadership of Miss Isabel Haswell (N.U.T. president, and Tynemouth teacher), the Union has asserted the principle that it will co-operate fully in reducing the teacher famine and training dilutees.

Wilkinson Wisdom

Ellen Wilkinson, as Minister of Education, is rightly being subject to constructive criticism from the N.U.T. But she pays tribute to the Union's willingness to work with her in these next few difficult years of educational development.

From a professional point of view, no section of the community is more jealous of its high standards than the teachers. As citizens, they are ready and willing to weaken any "vested interest" they have to serve the wider interests of the nation.

Live Lawson

OUR TROOPS IN West Africa want to know if Jack Lawson, Secretary for War, is dead.

You see, during his recent visit he told them that demobilisation would stop or slow down only over his dead body. Now it is stopping for them —stopping from Group 23.

The reason? To avoid complaint from native soldiers that Britons are being favoured.

But at the present rate, it will take fifteen months to transport West Africans overseas to their native land. Must our own lads and their relatives wait until December, 1946?

No doubt Mr. Lawson hadn't heard of this order. In bringing it to his attention, we give him a chance to show how very much alive he is.

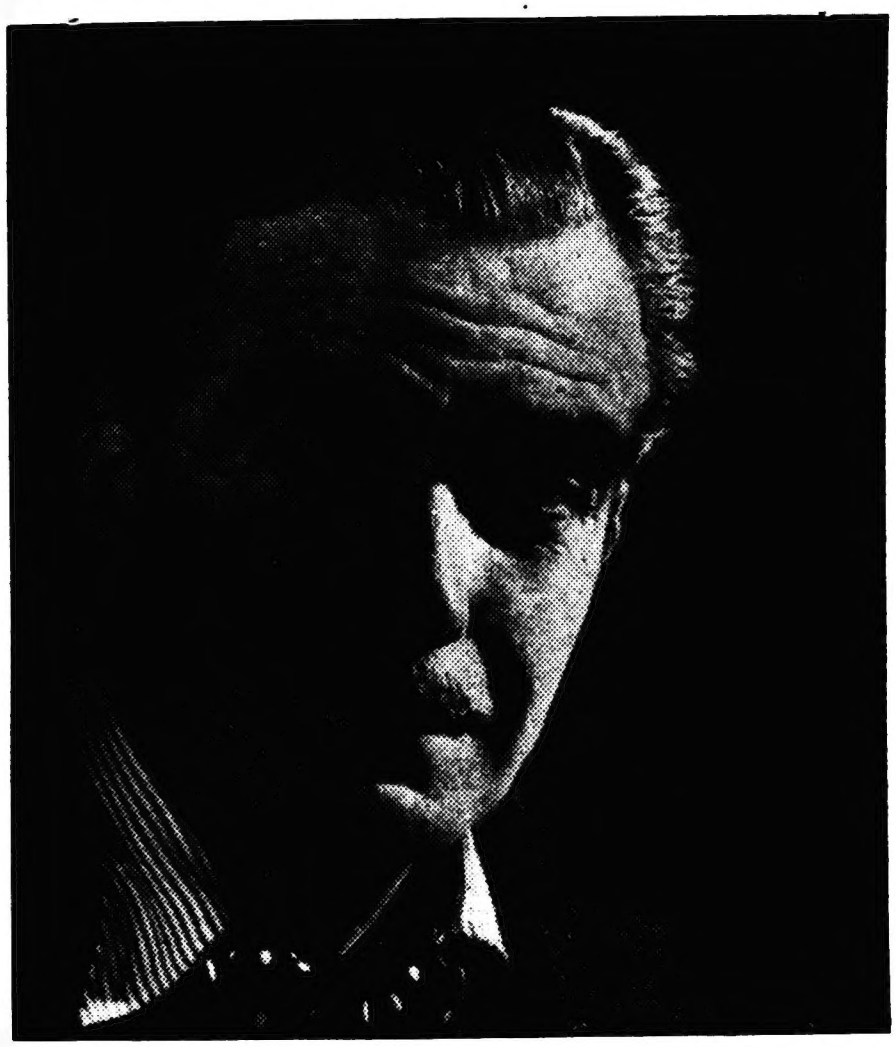
Benes Banks

WE'VE BEEN TOO busy nationalising our own banks and things to notice that Czechoslovakia is treading the same road at a more rapid rate.

All the Czech banks are now passing into the hands of the State. President Benes emphasises that in consequence the banks will be used for assisting national recovery rather than private profit. But he adds that the two things are not incompatible.

We agree. That goes for Britain, too.

The latest nationalisation decrees in Czechoslovakia cover the food industry among others. But special steps have been taken to make the farmers and other producers active participants in the direction of the nationalised undertakings. The State and co-operative societies will ensure the consumer's voice.



Is Anthony Eden tough enough for the daily battles of Opposition? Many Tories doubt it

Dealing with "Dev"

SOME THIRTY Labour M.P.s have formed an unofficial committee to consider Irish problems. Their secretary is Captain Hugh Delargy, 34-year-old member for the Miles Platting Division of Manchester.

Succeeding J. R. Clynes, tall, raw-boned Delargy is one of the characters in the new Commons.

He has been a Manchester City Councillor for eight years. His service in the Council Chamber was interrupted by the war. A Catholic, Delargy is no silent follower of Church leadership. He speaks his mind about it frankly in matters where he thinks it gives wrong guidance on social and political matters.

Partition Plan

Delargy and his friends believe that there can be no solution of Irish problems along the conventional lines of nationalist criticism of Partition.

They believe that the long-term hope lies in the reorganisation of the weak and divided Labour forces in both Southern and Northern Ireland.

With this in mind, the Committee is going to examine what help can be given in strengthening the Labour, Co-operative and trade union movements in Ireland generally.

Horror Street, London

BY DUPING THE FOOLISH and pandering to the worst tastes of sensation lovers, showmen are making fortunes in London's Oxford Street.

Reaching down to a new low level is "War in Wax," a shilling show that includes all "The Horrors of the German Concentration Camp."

Children are not admitted to see the waxwork models of "a victim being stamped to death by an S.S. guard," or a prisoner being beaten till the blood flows. But they can shudder at the bodies of three models hanging from a beam, while a German soldier forces a grey-haired woman to witness the execution.

Epstein and Siamese Twins

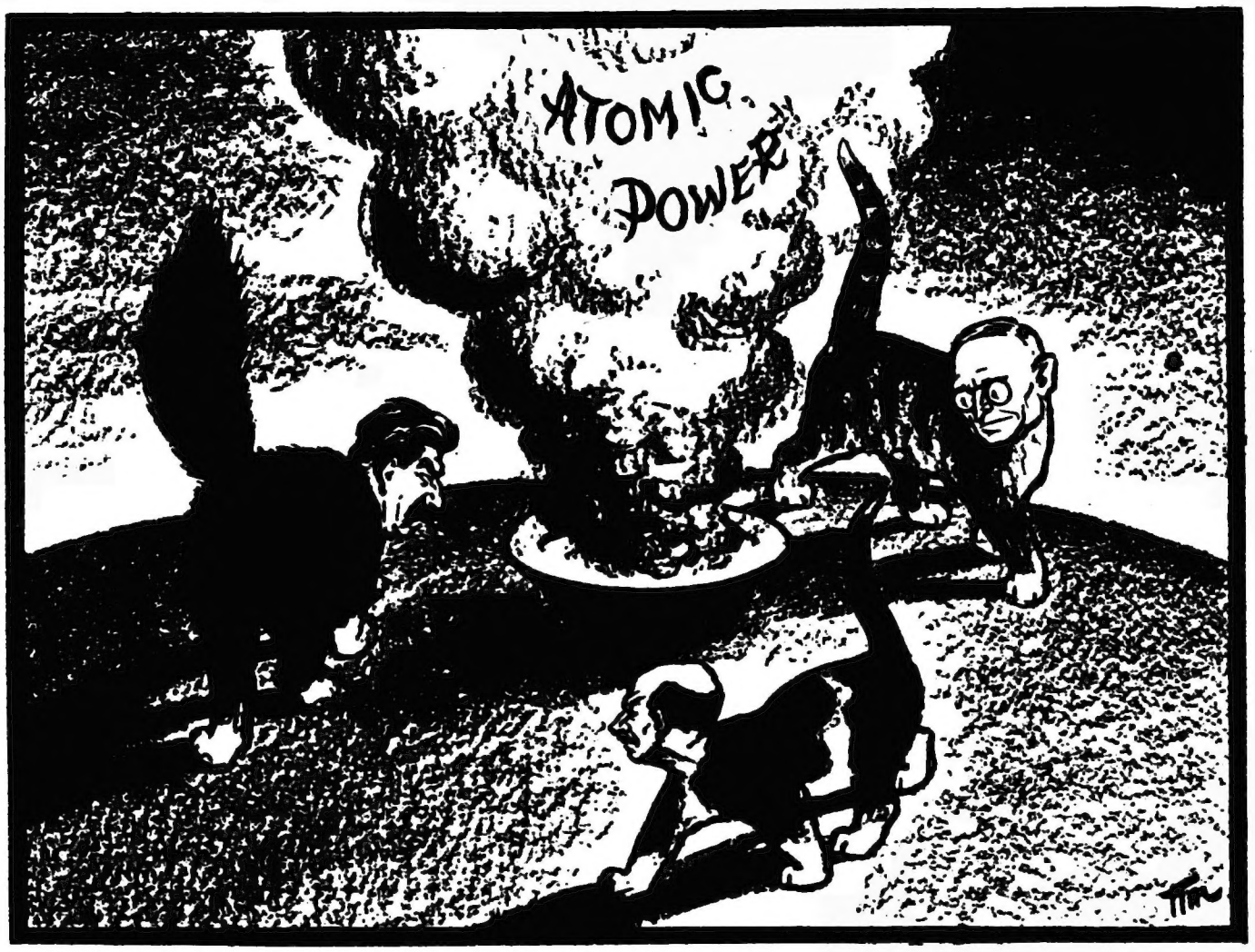
Farther along Oxford Street, on payment of 1s., the sightseer can look at Epstein's marble "Jacob and the Angel," described as "4½ tons of thrills." A life-size picture of a nude woman with a bored expression, reclining on a leopard skin, is included without extra charge.

For an extra 2d., the prurient-minded can peep through a hole to glimpse "Siamese twins—Babies with their bodies joined together—They

"MY FAITH IN JOHN BULL FULLY JUSTIFIED"

writes Mrs. Cheetham, of Matlock, in acknowledging cheque from JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance following a fire at her home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.



THE HOT DISH

are Naked." This is pornography at its worst.

It is estimated that these shows are so popular that twelve showmen are between them taking over £1,000 a day.

Do we advocate police action? No. The public can clean up Oxford Street the moment it decides to give vulgarity the go-by.

Cash from Camps

BUTLINS, HOLIDAY CAMP owners and amusement caterers (official description), are getting ready for the big holiday boom. The concern has just made a new capital issue of 140,000 5s. shares.

These are being offered to existing shareholders at 18s. 6d. per share. An existing shareholder can buy one of the new shares for every eight he already holds.

Some idea of what the City thinks of Butlins' prospects can be gathered from the fact that the concern's ordinary 5s. shares are quoted at 25s. 10½d. "Thar's" gold in them "thar" camps!

Overseas Holidays

In fact, all holiday-making organisations are now hard at work preparing their post-war holiday plans. Development of air travel has involved thinking on new lines, so to speak.

Veteran organiser of people's holidays, Ernest Wimble, secretary of the Workers' Travel Association, has big ideas about the proper use of cheap air travel for working-class holiday makers, particularly the younger ones.

He rightly regards this generation as "air-conscious." "There will be no reason, two or three years from now, why the London typist and her friend shouldn't spend a ten days' holiday abroad if they want to," he tells us. We agree.

Protesting Publicans

EMPHATICALLY WE SUPPORT the protest of the publicans against the decision banning them from service as Justices of the Peace.

Why should a brewer be entitled to sit as a magistrate—but not the publican?

The brewer is rightly excluded from sitting in any case where the interests of his business are involved. This should apply to the publican.

To prohibit the publican from magisterial work is a gross discrimination against one section of the community. If, as has happened so often, publicans can play a worthy part in local government and become mayors and lord mayors of our towns and cities, why should they not be able to act as J.P.s? The Lord Chancellor should think again.

New Food Hunt

NEXT WEEK BEGINS a hunt for a new kind of food for Britain.

The four months' whaling season opens in the Southern Antarctic. Taking part will be the *Southern Venturer*, Britain's £1,300,000 new whaler, which left Middlesbrough at the end of October with 400 men and one woman on board.

It can deal with twenty-four blue whales a day—and some weigh 150 tons or so.

Have a Powder!

Before the war too many whales were caught. Up to 30,000 were slaughtered in a year, but the war has enabled whale breeding to keep up with men's demands.

Now radar and aeroplanes are to be used to locate the prey; it is hoped to reap £50,000,000 a year in meat, oil and fertilisers.

The meat will be dehydrated (dreadful word!) and come back to Britain in the form of biscuit-coloured powder for human food.

SAVINGS BANK SWINDLERS

FOR YEARS a growing number of crooks have specialised in opening Savings bank accounts in different names and, forging figures and rubber stamp receipts, extracting sums by the use of £3 withdrawal forms at post offices throughout the country.

Last week a 43-years-old rogue named Dennis Walton Joberns was sent to penal servitude for committing offences of this kind. JOHN BULL has a large dossier about him and others in this "profession" and first exposed his roguery as far back as 1926!

He has eight previous convictions. Yet in the last two years he has been able to operate about 100 different Post Office deposit books. He even admitted over 600 cases not in the indictment that involved something like £1,800.

In one North Country case among our records nearly 70 books, involving about £1,200, were used.

The staggering thing is that, at least two years ago, a high official at the General Post Office told our Special Commissioner that, following prolonged research, a device had been effected which would put an end to these forgeries!

The almost incredible case of Dennis Walton Joberns, with his 600-odd forgeries, all of recent origin, shows how useless this "secret device" has proved.

The Postmaster-General must do something about this urgent problem. He must also ensure that better staffs are available in many sub-post offices where heavy work has to be coped with. "Walk In" robberies are getting common again.

Sir Gervais Explains

ONCE A DRAMATIC CRITIC and amateur actor, then an M.P., Sir Gervais Rentoul, K.C., has been West London magistrate since 1934.

He is known as a kindly but shrewd administrator of the law, and his wide experience includes membership of Government commissions on such diverse subjects as the betting tax, shop assistants and capital punishment.

Both his experience and his shrewdness are evident in an article he has written for next week's JOHN BULL. In "Speed Up Justice" he will explain how the law's delays could, and should, be avoided.

Royal Record

SYMBOLIC OF BRITAIN at war is the record of the Royal Family. They were at one with the people in the good days and the bad. They shared the poignant sorrow of family loss. They endured with us hardships and sacrifices.

The Royal Family in Wartime is a story of the Second World War. This beautifully written and illustrated volume is no flag-wagging jingoistic product. It is the plain but proud chronicle of the King and his family living and working with their people.

The whole of the proceeds from the sale of this book will be devoted to King George's Jubilee Trust. It will be available at all booksellers, price 5s.

Going to Waste

THE WAVE OF SENSELESS waste goes on. Months ago we reported the deliberate destruction of German aero engines. Now it is proposed to sink a hundred U-boats.

It is incredible that thousands of tons of excellent metal could not be used in the present shortage of steel. It would not be quite so incredible to learn that officialdom had ordered this wholesale waste without taking expert advice.

Why Not Use It?

LYING ON THE open-air sites of the vast sugar warehouses (destroyed in the "Blitz)" along London's docks are many acres of steel products left over from the war.

There are countless thousands of Bailey bridge units; miles and miles of steel mesh of the kind used for airfield strips, steel rollers and cisterns; all left to rot.

Surely some use could be found for it in national reconstruction work?

Bird Fancier Prince

LORD ALANBROOKE, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, is under fire. On his world tour to our Army stations, he went to meet a Japanese prince who is a bird fancier. But, it is complained, he would not talk to British war correspondents.

Well, he has never courted publicity. And bird-watching is an old hobby of his. Though in the war his responsibility was probably the heaviest after the Prime Minister's,

he took a few hours off from D-Day preparations to make a colour film of British bird life.

Anyway, no one will accuse him of "fraternising" with the Japs after reading that an extra 3,000 geisha girls are being recruited to entertain the American troops of occupation!

Monty's Word Goes

MANY PADRES and senior officers have urged that soldiers should not be made to go to church. So the parades have been abolished "so long as the local commander thinks fit."

Field-Marshal Montgomery is one who does not think fit. He has ordered that all ranks of the B.A.O.R. must attend church service or Padre's Hour once a month.

On Parade

We have just received an account of a church parade in Norway. The troops were lined up as usual, bawled at and marched through the streets. They were not allowed to wear great-coats, though it was ten degrees below freezing point.

In the cinema chosen for the service, officers were carefully placed in the front of the balcony. Other ranks, most of whom had been in the thick of the war's fighting, were told off to the rear.

The men ask: "Surely in the House of God all men are equal? And was it necessary for the padre to tell us from the stage how and when to rise and sit and kneel?"

Parish Parting

INCIDENTALLY, THE HARDFOUGHT battle of Harden Parish (Yorkshire) is over. The former vicar, the Rev. J. S. Davies, has departed after a biting farewell sermon that brought an equally acid reply from Dr. Blunt, Bishop of Bradford.

Said Mr. Davies, among other things: "I find more comradeship in the taproom than I do in the church!"

Is he right?

Certainly, figures of church attendances bear little relationship to the number of people who profess the Christian faith. Young folk in particular laugh at the idea of church-going as the major test of their beliefs.

So many young parsons are saying: "If the people won't come to the parsons, it is the duty of the parsons to go to the people!"

It's up to local commanders to stop compulsory Army church parades.

Pulpit and Pub

We know a young parson who, after a long period breaking down suspicion, is now a regular and welcome visitor to the local pub. We know another who declares that his church services are really less important than his Youth Club work.

All this may seem blasphemous to the older school of churchgoers. But the Church would be foolish to ignore it. Orthodoxy is no substitute for empty pews. Tradition is no recompense for the refusal of the younger people to follow the path of regular church-going from which practically all their parents have strayed.

Something Wrong

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG with sport in Britain, its birthplace.

That is obvious from our football defeats by Switzerland, the great success of the Moscow Dynamos, the defeats of five of our professional boxers in Paris, and the eclipse of our tennis players and cricketers.

Absence of players in the Forces and the rigours of six years of war only partly explain our downfall.

Up the Villa!

Professional soccer makes a feeble show. Compared with the game before 1925, when the new off-side laws were responsible for the introduction of the "policeman" centre-half, present-day league football is little better than first-class amateur soccer used to be.

The only approach to a real team this season is Aston Villa. Probably the oldest side in the professional game at the moment, the Villa plays as a complete team, keeping the ball on the ground, and making every move purposeful and productive. Its players let the ball do the work instead of booting it up the field and running aimlessly after it.

The average centre-forward today spends most of his time vainly trying to collect optimistic kicks up the field, generally head-high. Formerly the centre-forward was a *footballer*, not a battering ram. Two present-day centres, Tommy Lawton and Rooke, who have some skill at ball control, are the exceptions that prove the rule.

Urgently Needed

What is wanted in professional soccer? First, up-to-date training methods with properly-qualified trainers and first-class equipment. Then coaches, not necessarily former internationals, but people who can *teach* the game.

The methods of Jimmy Hogan, greatly criticised at the time, can still be seen in the play of Aston Villa. Of course, it has to be admitted that the Villa has most of its old players in the present side.

But skill, skill, and still more skill is needed.

Until we get coaching and encouragement, and show a willingness to learn from our Continental friends instead of patronising them, until we make soccer a game of skill rather than a mad kick and rush, and players practise with the ball instead of spending most of their time at golf and sprinting, soccer as it used to be will be a lost art here.

THE PRICE OF PEACE

YOU, MEN AND WOMEN of England, Scotland and Wales — think! Think hard! Turn back the pages of British history. Reflect on those times when this great, united nation of ours knew no law but that of the jungle.

The right of the strong to devour the weak was unchallenged. The story of the Welsh Marches was written in red; fire and flame swept the Scottish border. Each castle was a little kingdom. Men recognised no rights that did not reside in the steel of their sword blades.

Slowly, surely, the hearts and minds of this nation moved forward. Anarchy gave way to order. With many a pause and period of painful strife, unity emerged from chaos. To-day, it is the United Kingdom.

We must learn the lesson of our own past. It is a simple one. It is straightforward. It is this—the world problem is precisely the same as that of our own land not so very long ago. No man is a law unto himself. What is true of men is now true of nations. That is the crux of the problem facing the peoples of the world.

Ten years ago, a Tory leader who proclaimed his belief that national sovereignty was out-dated and should be abandoned would have been repudiated by his Party. To-day, Anthony Eden asserts that self-evident truth in Parliament, and there are none but a few mental paralytics born centuries too late who would contradict him.

What is national sovereignty? It means the right of a country to be judge and jury in its own cause. It means the right of the strong nation to dominate the weak, just as in time past the strong man in this land could without hindrance dominate and destroy his neighbour.

Would you willingly return to those rip-roaring days of savagery? Of course not. Are you prepared to tolerate their continuance in world affairs? Now you pause. Doubts and fears oppress you as they oppressed our forefathers faced with the same decision on a smaller scale.

You—the people of Britain—you wonder what liberties would be filched from you if national sovereignty went the way of the warring baron.

Here is the answer. The abandonment of national sovereignty means that Britain would be ready and willing to submit every dispute it might have with any nation, large or small, to the judgment of a World Court. It would accept that decision.

It means, too, that Britain would be prepared to pool its strength with that of other nation-citizens of the World Order to preserve that Order.

Britain would not lose one jot of either strength or dignity. Not one citizen whose mind can grasp anything beyond the Boer War would sleep less soundly in his bed.

The sacrifice would be that of ancient superstitions. The advantage would be that of World Peace in a World Order.

WE cannot, we dare not, hold back. Alone, if need be, we must give the lead to the war-weary nations. But it need not be alone. There will be many partners proud to join us in this great enterprise of saving civilisation by example.

There is no other way; there is no other path that will save the world from collapsing into the dust and ruins. Once the atomic war was unleashed Great Britain would be the easiest victim of its hideous vileness. Our tiny island has most to gain and least to loose by the rule of World Law.

Our real rights, our standing, our real greatness—all would be preserved. Above all, we should survive as a united people and a united nation.

That is the British case for a super-national World Authority. That is the case of every other nation, too, whether they know it or not.

The Editor

ATOM WONDERS TO COME

by Dr. JULIAN HUXLEY

It's been hard to form a clear idea of what the atom really means to the world. Here is the most authoritative all-round picture of the coming atom age that has yet been published, specially written for JOHN BULL. Some of Dr. Huxley's forecasts are startling; but they are based on the expert knowledge of a sober realist

NO SINGLE EVENT in our lifetime, and almost certainly no single event in the whole of human history, has made such an immense and immediate impression on the minds of men as the revelation of the power of atomic energy provided by the dropping of the two atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in early August of this year.

This is as it should be. For the atomic bomb is not merely an improved weapon: it is the first expression of a scientific revolution.

And this new scientific revolution, unlike previous scientific revolutions, has not taken two or three centuries or even two or three decades in which men could gradually accustom themselves to the new knowledge and its new practical applications.

It has happened almost overnight, we may say, and its impact has been all the more tremendous because the entire period needed to transform knowledge into practice was veiled in war secrecy, and its first application, in the shape of the atom bomb, sprang full-grown upon the world's scene, like Minerva from the head of Jove, in an all-too-terrible perfection.

The revolution is a revolution in the scale of the forces and energy involved—forces and energy which are now for the first time a human responsibility. Let me recall a few elementary facts about them.

The measurable energy (in the scientific sense) which is available through the atomic fission of a given weight of Uranium 235 is of the order of 50,000,000 times that available through the burning of the same weight of coal or any other combustible or ordinary explodable material.

The same processes of atomic fission which give the atom bomb its incredible power are the main source of the sun's light and heat. But the light produced by the explosion of even the smallest possible atomic bomb is so much brighter than that of the sun as seen from our planet that its instantaneous flash is, quite literally, blinding—it destroys the retina of the human eye.

And the temperature of the explosion is actually higher than that of the sun's surface—so high that, round the experimental bomb in the New Mexican desert, it fused over three square miles of sand into glass.

Human Life at Stake

How atomic fission works and why it liberates such an enormous amount of energy has been explained in numerous articles by physicists. What I want to talk about here are some of its implications for human life.

The most obvious and most alarming implication is, of course, its use in war. While it is not true to say that the atomic bomb, however much "bigger, better and brighter" it may become, threatens the very existence of our species, it undoubtedly threatens the continued existence of civilisation.

Our cities and all other material organs of our social life could be smashed by atomic bombing, and even if any civilisation could continue, it would have to go right underground.

A physicist friend of mine told me that he had been amusing himself by making some calculations as to the depth required for shelters against the size of bombs which might readily be made in the quite near future.

"Atom-proof" shelters would be deep shelters indeed—they would have to be over 3,000 feet down in the very deepest coalmines, or preferably a depth at even deeper levels, and thus in temperatures which would be insupportable without special cooling. The ex-caveman would become the super-caveman. Man would have to adopt the life of a termite, and his civilisation would scarcely be worth the name.

However, there are many other implications of the atomic revolution. The popularisers have jumped to all sorts of spectacular conclusions—that with the aid of one pound of uranium we should be able soon to drive a motor-car for so many million miles, or take the *Queen Mary* so many times across the Atlantic without refuelling, or run the largest power station in the world for a great many years.

Some of this may come true. But a lot of it we can be pretty sure will never do so, and a great deal will only be realised after many decades.

In the first place, a certain minimum weight of uranium or other "atom-splittable" or *fissile* material is needed before you can achieve an atomic explosion, as in the atom bomb, or indeed any effective release of atomic energy.

It is possible to imagine an "internal explosion engine" on the same general principle as an internal combustion engine, but this would be quite inapplicable to small engines like those of cars, and terribly uneconomic.

Furthermore, the process of atomic fission liberates various high-speed radiations, some of them extremely harmful to human health and heredity. These can be intercepted: but to do so demands massive screens of graphite, concrete, or other reflecting or absorbing material, which would be much too heavy to mount on a car.

Thus for two reasons it seems clear that the use of atomic energy in its present form for transport purposes is impracticable for small units like cars, or those where extra weight must be avoided, like aeroplanes. On the other hand, it might be useful in ships, especially large, fast ships, and perhaps even in heavy locomotives.

The most promising method so far discovered of utilising atomic energy as a source of power is the so-called uranium pile. In this, atomic energy is converted into heat energy, by means of placing chunks of uranium between bits of graphite.

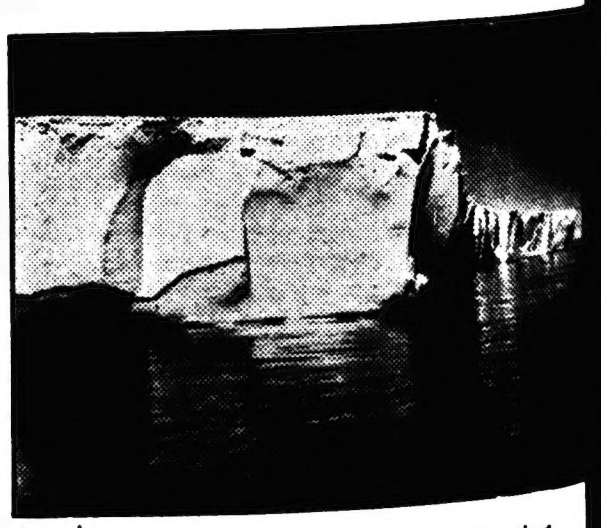
Graphite has the property of reflecting the high-speed particles released by the atomic fission of uranium, instead of their escaping uselessly into the outer world, and their kinetic energy (energy of motion) is gradually converted into heat within the pile.

Of course, none of the bits of uranium are big enough to start the chain reaction leading to an explosion. If the temperature becomes excessive, it can be reduced by pushing in "dampers" made of, or coated with, cadmium, which has the property of absorbing slow neutrons.

Enormous Power

By automatic regulating devices it should be possible to keep the temperature of a pile constant, even at such high levels as 2,000 degrees C. A single pile the size of an ottoman will provide as much energy as an outsize hydro-electric dam, and will go on doing so for several centuries.

The pile has an additional advantage in



"As a result of atomic heat the floating polar ice-sheet would be melted."

SINCE writing this article for JOHN BULL, Julian Huxley has been called urgently to New York to address an audience of 25,000 on "Problems of the Atomic Age" at a meeting called by the Independent Citizens of the Arts, Sciences and Professions.

No man is better fitted to explain the atomic "revolution" in all its aspects, for Dr. Huxley is both a prophet and a priest of science.

Not the least of his services has been his zeal in helping the ordinary man to understand how biology and physics are aids to better living. He has a rare gift of making the complex simple; and, as a favourite member of the B.B.C. Brains Trust, has a following—comparable in enthusiasm with that of Tommy Handley—among thousands who have never read his books.

In his attainments he is, perhaps, the most eminent of all the Huxleys—Britain's Royal Family of Science. At fifty-eight, his honours and appointments fill half a column of "Who's Who" with books on Zoology (he once ran the London Zoo) and Biology, Religion, Bird-Watching (still his favourite hobby), and World Politics.

Politics? Yes, but in no narrow Party sense. His standpoint can best be expressed in his words (from "On Living in a Revolution," 1944): "It is clear that the present is the end of an age—the end of economic man. We think and believe that the new epoch of civilisation will best be described as the age of social man, in which society will be much more of an organic whole, tied together mainly by the living relations of human beings and organised groups of human beings instead of mainly by the cold impersonal forces of profit and economic competition."

hat it "breaks" more splittable atom material —by producing a certain amount of plutonium hich can, if necessary, be extracted and used or other atomic purposes.

The heat generated by uranium piles ould clearly be used in various industrial purposes for which coal is now required—for nstance, for electricity generation, for driving large stationary steam engines, and so orth. Atomic energy in this form will be especially valuable in remote areas far from on-atomic sources of power, for the difficulies of transport are virtually abolished.

The coal equivalent of a single medium-ized pile (which can be installed once and for ll) amounts to many thousand train-loads a ear. Oil demands either a pipe-line or else ail or road transport; and electric power eeds expensive high-tension cables, which in ny case become uneconomic over large disances.

The uranium pile may well bring life o the Frozen North and even the fringes of he Antarctic continent, turn Australia into n infinitely richer continent, and make the orld's deserts blossom like the rose.

There is, however, one further possible eace-time use of atomic energy which, hough it meets with fewer technical difficulties than any other non-military applicaon, has not received the attention it eserves. I mean its use as an explosive.

People often forget that dynamite, when was first invented, provided the most inense use of chemical power known. Yet hough it has been, and still is, widely used, its use has been overwhelmingly for peaceful ends. What we have to think of now is a similar use of the energy derived from atomic fission.

"Atomic dynamite" could be employed in all sorts of ways. Why, for instance, employ thousands of men and thousands of tons of coal or kilowatt-hours of electric power on the excavations for a great dam when a couple of atomic bombs, exploded at the right distance, below ground, would do the trick?

Why go slowly shepherding great liners through the locks on either side of the Culebra Cut when you could readily use atomic energy to blast a sea-level canal from ocean to ocean? (You would, of course, have to arrange for the temporary evacuation of all the population of the canal zone; but that, in these days of mass transfers of population, is perhaps not impossible.)

A Bomb in the Arctic

These are easy projects. But there are other and more spectacular possibilities.

How many people realise that we could alter the entire climate of the North Temperate zones by exploding a few dozen or at most a few hundred atomic bombs at an appropriate height above the polar regions?

As a result of the immense heat produced, the floating polar ice-sheet would be melted; *and it would not be re-formed.* It is a relic from the last Ice Age, and survives to-day because most of the heat of the sun is reflected from its surface.

If it were once melted, most of the sun's heat during the polar summer would be absorbed by the water and raise the temperature of the Arctic Ocean. Ice would form again each winter, but it would not cover nearly so large an extent as now, and would be thin enough to be melted in the succeeding summer.

As a result, the climate of Scandinavia would become more like that of Southern England, and the climate of Southern England would become much like that of Portugal.

As usual with all grandiose projects, there are snags.

Thus with the northward movement of the warm temperate and cool temperate zones, the arid zone would move too; and the countries which had the prospect of being turned into the Sahara of the future might reasonably object!

Changing the Map

Perhaps it would be best to begin in a small way, by melting a small chunk of the ice-sheet with the aim, say, of slightly ameliorating the climate of Nova Scotia and Labrador, and seeing what happened elsewhere, before attempting anything further.

There are other possibilities.

Some are not so difficult, but would have the most alarming consequences, like the diversion of the Gulf Stream by blocking the Strait of Belle Isle.

Some are problematical both in their possibility and in their results, like the clearing out of the two miles of ice that lie over central Greenland.

Others are technically difficult, but with vast long-term possibilities, like the barrage of the Straits of Gibraltar and consequent slow lowering of the level of the Mediterranean.

But enough has been said to show the strange dreamlike (sometimes nightmarish!) realms which the atomic key may unlock for our species.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M.P.,

Lord President of the Council

DEAR SIR,—I am surprised the Opposition seems so shocked by your programme to nationalise industry. The Conservative chiefs must have read the Labour Party's election manifesto, and I cannot believe they seriously expected you and your colleagues to eat your words.

But perhaps it is the manner of your announcement and not its matter that has evoked such cries of horror.

Spectators, it is said, see more of the game than the players. May I therefore give you a friendly hint?

You do not need to thump the table quite so much. The Government's power is assured; 400 M.P.s are behind it. You can afford to be suave on such questions as parliamentary business; you will have the opportunity to fight when your nationalisation Bills are under fire.

Meanwhile, with the Cockney canniness that so long distinguished you, keep your powder dry!—JOHN BULL.

The Councillors,

Caterham, Surrey

GENTLEMEN,—A disabled ex-soldier applied to you for a house last July and filled in a form. Months later he completed another form, and added that, apart from his own disability, the illness of one of his children made their need for accommodation urgent.

The other day he again called on the young lady you employ as Housing Manager. She told him that no houses have been built and that she did not know how many would be built or when work would start on them.

Another town in the same county, Malden, intends to erect 200 temporary houses in six months, 165 permanent houses in a year, and to move the first families in by Christmas.

It rather puts you to shame, doesn't it?—JOHN BULL.

Admiral Sir Max K. Horton,

Former C.-in-C., Western Approaches

DEAR ADMIRAL,—It is in keeping with your character to retire from the Admiralty so that younger men may obtain promotion. And to a man like you it will not matter much, I suspect, that you will always live in history.

But you will. For two reasons: You are the supreme example of poacher-turned-gamekeeper, and you have provided as pretty an example of urbanity as when Drake played bowls while awaiting the Spanish Armada.

Having commanded submarines for three years in the war that has just ended, you were then ordered to beat the U-boats. You obeyed, and did more than anyone to win the Battle of the Atlantic.

The second example actually came first—when, in the 1914-18 war, you took a submarine into the German nest at Heligoland, played bridge while your vessel was at the bottom and the enemy overhead was searching for you, rebuked one of your officers for revoking, and calmly bade him: "Keep your mind on the game."

It would be ungrateful to let you go without saying—"Thanks a lot."—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

WORK IT OUT

IT IS A COMMON EXCUSE for laziness to plead that "I haven't the time." If only we had had time we would have written a novel. We would have written a play. We would have painted a wonderful picture, made some exquisite piece of furniture. Why! There's hardly anything, come to think of it, that we couldn't have done if only we'd had the time!

But "lack of time" is no excuse at all.

Chaucer, living down the centuries as the "Father of English poetry," didn't spend all his time writing poetry. He was busy earning his living as what we would call a revenue officer to-day, and he worked pretty hard, for he had to write up all his records with his own hand

Shakespeare was the manager of a theatre, and also an actor. Sir Francis Bacon was a hard-working lawyer. Pepys wrote his famous diary despite his very hard work at the Admiralty. Milton was for many years a teacher. Rabelais was a doctor; Izaak Walton was a linen-draper in Fleet Street; Defoe was, among other things, a brick and tile maker, a shopkeeper and a political agent.

The list is endless. And none of them said what he would have done if only he had had the time. Not they! They just turned to and did things in their *spare* time. And the things they did have lived on and on as masterpieces.

So if there's anything you really want to do, start doing it right away. You've as much time as any of these people had. Not one of them had more than twenty-four hours a day.

HERBERT MORRISON AS SEEN BY TIM

John Marquand, M.P.,

Secretary, Department of Overseas Trade

DEAR SIR,—In your job of dealing with facts and figures it must be rare for you to meet a music-hall performer. I invite you to do so—on a strictly business footing.

Mrs. Diacoff is one of "The Three Diacoffs," a music-hall cycling act. They were booked to go to the U.S.A. for a twelve months' tour to advertise a famous make of British cycles. The contracts were signed, passports and visas arranged.

As everything seemed settled, Mrs. Diacoff cancelled her engagements here and sold her caravan. Then, suddenly, one of your officials announced that the party could not be granted shipping berths—and Mrs. Diacoff has been out of work for six weeks as a result.

In my view she has every reason to be annoyed, and I think you have a plain duty to look into the matter yourself. —JOHN BULL.

Lord Pethick-Lawrence,

Secretary of State for India

MY LORD,—We hear a great deal of how Britain "exploits" India. At the moment, it seems, India is exploiting the British Tommy.

Thousands of our troops over there, responding to advertisements urging them to "supplement the rations of the folk at home," have been buying food parcels to send to their relatives.

A typical package contains a pound of tea, two pounds of sugar, and a pound of butter. Cost, including postage and packing, 19s. 9d. The value in Britain would be 5s. 6d.

I am glad to hear that official inquiries are being made into this terrific profiteering. And I hope that official control measures can be swiftly applied.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Jack Lawson, M.P.,

Secretary of State for War

DEAR SIR,—Is it not time finally to disband the Home Guard? Alternatively, how about releasing the 60 to 80 age group?

Those are the questions raised by an admiral of sixty-four, who commanded the *Vindictive* at Zeebrugge and won the V.C., and more recently has been a Home Guard private. The answers will be awaited with interest by a million other men.

After all, Hitler is presumed dead and Goering is on trial for his life. Neither can any longer be contemplating the invasion of Britain.—JOHN BULL.

Argument

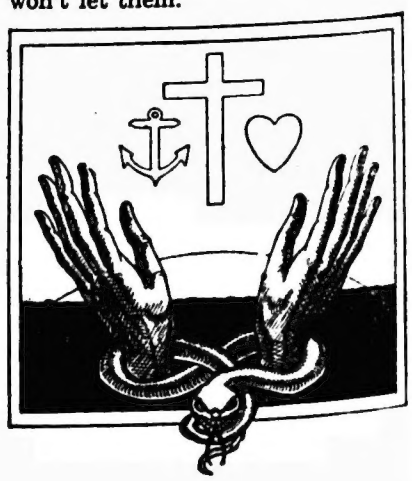
SHOULD LAY HEALERS BE BANNED?

Yes

1. Medicine involves issues of life or death, and largely governs the physical well-being of the whole nation. Therefore, doctors should undergo stricter qualifying tests than members of any other profession.
2. Strict control of the medical profession enables methods to be "censored," as well as individual practitioners. This means elimination of all avoidable risks.
3. Existing medical control already gives ample latitude to semi-medical health advisers, such as dieticians.
4. Even unorthodox healing methods are not prohibited by the medical profession, provided they are employed only by qualified men who can show "reasonable skill" in their use.
5. New discoveries by outsiders can be submitted freely to medical judgment, and will be adopted readily if they pass the necessary tests. Medicine is continuously progressive, and owes much to chemists and psychologists whose researches it has put to practical use
6. Quacks have caused endless misery, not only by failing to cure but also by delaying visits to doctors too long for cure to be possible.

No

1. Lay healers are already so restricted in their scope that there no longer exists any risk of the misuse of dangerous drugs or surgical methods by untrained amateurs.
2. So conservative is the medical profession that it takes years for new ideas to be adopted, and Britain is medically behind the times.
3. Many unqualified practitioners, such as dieticians, are unofficially recommended by doctors, but, through lack of recognised status, are prevented from giving the widespread help they might.
4. Qualification is no protection to the public against the fatal mistakes of doctors—through carelessness, haste and sheer ignorance. It's merely a shelter for the doctors, who generally escape scot-free.
5. Some "quacks" may call themselves lay healers, but not all lay healers are "quacks." By refusing to discriminate between the two, the medical profession is largely responsible for the harm done by "quacks."
6. Most reputable lay healers recognise that many conditions need the help of a qualified doctor or surgeon. They would gladly co-operate by calling in the doctor; but the doctor won't let them.



I WOULDN'T MIND betting that if you stopped a dozen chaps in the street this morning and asked each one of them what was the biggest worry at the back of his mind right now—most of them would say wages. It's the problem that's worrying nearly all of us—as we change over from war-time to peace-time production.

What size wage-packet will we be taking home during the coming months? Will it be as much as we earned in war-time? Will it be more? Or will it be less?

There lies the worry. We most of us feel we can't live on less.

And it isn't only a civilian's problem. I've just been talking to a woman friend whose husband is still in the Forces. She's been weighing up prices and wages and Army allowances. And she isn't at all sure that she and her husband and their three children will be as well off for money when he comes back to civvy street.

If Labour hadn't won the election, we'd have known exactly what to expect. Something similar to what happened after the last war. Something like what's happening in the United States to-day. Government controls dropped. "Free" enterprise going full blast. Employers trying to force wages down. Trade Unions trying to force wages up. Strikes and lockouts. Rising prices. And in the end nearly everybody worse off.

Now that we've got a Labour Government, we're hoping for something very different. But it's still only a hope. It hasn't become a certainty.

One thing, at least, we've been definitely promised. Hugh Dalton, in his Budget speech, told us that he's determined to keep prices steady—even if it means increasing some of the present Government subsidies.

So far, so good. But the question is whether the Government can go on regulating prices without also regulating wages and profits.

£. s. d

Nobody wants more Government regulation than is absolutely necessary. But I don't think the Government ought to stand aside and leave the Trade Unions and employers to fight it out individually. We tried that last time. And it didn't work.

After the last war, the Unions won all along the line. By the end of 1920 they had pushed up wages to nearly treble their pre-war figures. But prices rose, too—and by a similar amount. So those hard-won higher wages didn't buy a ha'porth more.

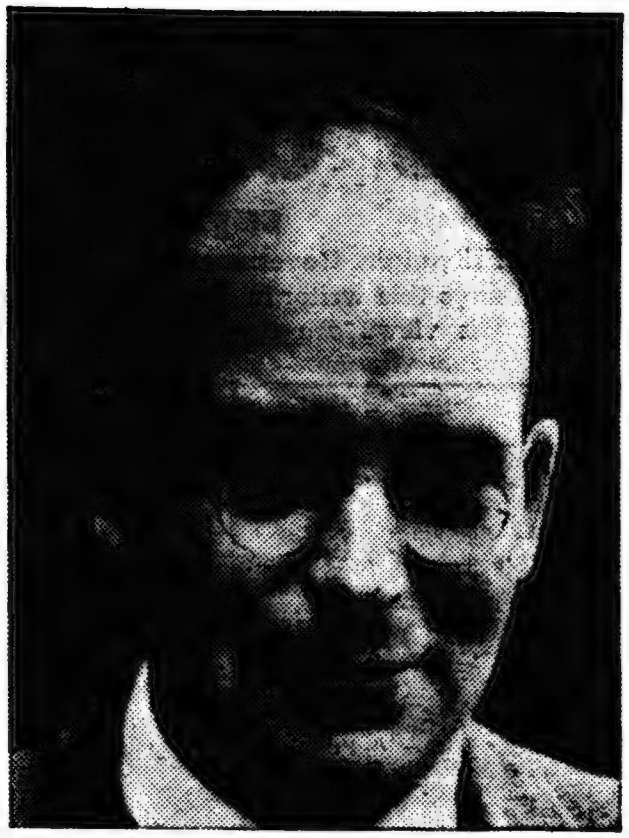
By January 1921 there were over a million unemployed.

I was one of them. In my neighbourhood we queued for hours in long lines outside an old skating rink, because the Labour Exchange wasn't big enough to cope with us. I got to know that place all too well—at all times of the day and at every season of the year. I could still describe every brick of it.

If we're going to prevent that sort of thing happening again, it seems to me we've got to use a bit of common sense. The more common sense we use the less need there'll be for Government regulation.

But if we lose our heads and start sectional scraps to raise our individual wages—or if the employers start sectional scraps to lower them—we shall wreck all our hopes for the future.

No Government can keep prices steady while sectional interests are playing snakes and ladders with wages and profits. And when prices rise, it isn't only the wage-earner who suffers. The people who feel it most are those with small fixed incomes—the old-age pensioner and the disabled soldier.



"Those hard-won higher wages don't buy a ha'porth more"—Herbert Hodge, taxi-driver and author

HERBERT HODGE

WRITES ABOUT OUR PAY PACKETS

Wage-earners everywhere are worried about the fluctuating size of pay-packets. What is needed is a new average wage, based on our fair share of the nation's wealth

£. s. d

I'd like to see the Government get together with the Unions and employers and work out something like a fair average (or minimum) wage for the present transition period. Not an absolute fixed sum, mind you. Different jobs call for slightly different rates. And we all like a bit of variation and the chance to earn a bob or two extra by doing a better job of work.

What we need is something on the lines of my suggestion the other week—an estimate of our present total production, and from that an idea of our fair share of it, in terms of a minimum wage. Yes, I know the snags. I know it would have to be a very rough estimate to begin with.

Take the cost of living index, for instance.

The official figures for the cost of living show a rise of only 31 per cent. since September, 1939. They may be correct. For what they include. But do they include enough?

If they are correct, I'm spending a shilling now on what cost me ninepence before the war. It strikes me as being more like one-and-six.

The official statistics are based on an inquiry made by the Board of Trade into working-class household budgets in 1904.

It takes you back, doesn't it? Back to that old-fashioned street—in that old-fashioned town. Grandpa sits reading by the light of a paraffin lamp, while Grandma sits warming her knees before the fire, her long black bombazine skirts turned back showing her red flannel petticoat.

There's a sudden clip-clop of hooves on the cobbles outside, and a sharp rat-tat on the door. It's a gentleman come from the Board of Trade, to ask how much Grandpa lays out on lamp-oil each week, and the amount spent by Grandma on flannel.

But does this old folk's weekly budget give us a reliable guide to our present needs? Does the present price of lamp-oil tell us how much we spend on electric light?

We need a new basis for the calculations of our personal and household expenses—a basis that includes the inventions and the changes of the last forty years.

£. s. d

Vacuum cleaners, for instance, aren't there to buy yet—no matter how much money we take home. We've got to make them before we can use them. What's more, we've got to make a lot of stuff for export, so as to get food in exchange. And we've got to have the food before we can start making anything.

As for wages, the Ministry of Labour figures show an average weekly wage for men, over a wide range of trades, of £5 19s. 3d. for an average week of 49½ hours. (Up to last January.)

Would this give us a guide toward an average wage for the transition period? Or is the wage too little? And the hours too long?

I know plenty of chaps who would say yes to both questions. I know others who would jump at the chance of six pounds a week—and never mind the hours.

The fact is, of course, that although our Labour Government is steadily strengthening community control, and steadily going ahead with its promised reforms, it can't possibly bring the country round to anything like normal living for some years to come. And however many things we need we can't have what isn't there.

But we know that. We know we're the survivors amid the war-torn ruins. And lucky to be alive. We know we've got a grand job ahead of us—an opportunity to build a better country than we've ever had before.

And I think we'll be very well content to get on with that job—provided we can see we're getting our fair share of bread and cheese while we're doing it.

Like the man from Missouri, we want to be *shown*. We expect our 1945 Government to give us 1945 figures—and to tell us plainly what our country can afford.

"INDEPENDENCE" IS OUT OF DATE

says DANIEL F. AITKEN

Fifty-eight Governments to run one world! It doesn't make sense, says this writer in declaring total war on national-minded politicians. His views are revolutionary and well worth thinking about to-day

In 1939, Chamberlain fastened this "Independence" hokum on the Allied cause. Eighteen months later, Roosevelt and Churchill made it their war-cry.

DO YOU REMEMBER Neville Chamberlain's speech, six years ago now, when he announced that Britain was at war with Germany? We were fighting, he said, for the independence of all small peoples.

It wasn't true.

We showed no sign of fighting for the independence of Abyssinia, of Albania, of Austria. We went out of our way to avoid fighting for the independence of the Czechs.

When we did eventually declare war, it was in defence of our own existence, and not because of any real passion for a Brave Little Poland—which, until the Nazis came on the scene, had one of the most reactionary Governments in Europe.

The fact is, that in September, 1939, this pious eyewash about the independence of small countries was already hopelessly out of date. It is even more nonsensical to-day.

Does anybody think that these islands would be a better place if Wales and Scotland were independent countries, with customs barriers and immigration officials on every road and railway, with their own armies and their own navies, and their own factories for atomic bombs?

What about that vicious tyrant and war criminal Abraham Lincoln who refused to grant the independence of the Southern States?

But there we are. Chamberlain fastened this independence hokum on the Allied cause in 1939, and Churchill and Roosevelt took it up eighteen months later.

For six years the B.B.C. pumped it into every occupied country in Europe, and the Japs (who were no fools in their way) pushed it in Burma and Indo-China, Malaya and the Dutch East Indies.

But suppose, instead of proclaiming the independence of scores of tuppenny-ha'penny little countries as a major war aim of the United Nations—suppose that Chamberlain had said, and Churchill had said and Roosevelt had said that when the war was over there would be no more independence.

Suppose they had said from the first that the fixed aim of the United Nations, and the sole purpose of the war, was to bring about a genuine world democracy, a federation of free peoples, presided over and ruled by one central democratic authority.

How different things would look to-day!

Churchill's Offer to France

There was a time, in 1940 and 1941, when everybody in Britain would have accepted that ideal with enthusiasm. Did not Churchill himself, in a moment of inspired despair, offer complete political union with France?

There was a time, just after Pearl Harbour, when the Americans would have accepted it, too. Their big tycoons were rattled. Their navy was knocked out; their army still untrained and unequipped. They did not think then that America alone could run the earth. They would have welcomed the vision of a genuine world democracy.

And Russia, in the days before Stalingrad, might well have believed that we were in earnest.

But, having missed it, there's no use crying over spilled milk. Things are in a mess, and we must do something about it.

Instead we chose to fight not for the future, but the past; not for an organised world of law and order, but for a discredited anarchy of independent States.

We proclaimed vague, hopeful platitudes: freedom from want, freedom from fear. We got what we might have expected—widespread famine and the atomic bomb.

To Russia, the past meant ostracism and hostility, Zinovieff letters, Arcos raids, anti-Communist pacts. The Russians weren't fighting for the past. We were.

And so we missed our chance.

For the next ten years at least there's probably not the faintest use talking federation with Russia or even America. Mr. Truman has made that clear.

He is undoubtedly voicing the mood of America when he goes out of his way to explain that the United States is the most powerful country in the world, and intends to remain so.

What he did not say, but what anybody who has been in America recently knows only too well, is that many Americans in important positions are bitterly hostile to Russia.

Not the ordinary working people, of course. Not the "common man." But the "executives." The men who run the businesses and the factories. The chaps "with a miserable three-quarters of a million.

Even before Germany was defeated they told you quite openly that the next war America would have to fight would be against the Bolsheviks, and the sooner the better.

There are few English diehards peddling the same dope, but the British electorate has told them where they belong.

Lesson for Diehards

The American diehards have not yet had that salutary lesson. In fact, the United States stands almost exactly where this country stood in 1918—which is not a pretty outlook.

Already they have taken off the controls, opened the floodgates of private enterprise, unleashed the dogs of competition.

They want all the little countries to be independent, so that American manufacturers can walk into the markets of Hungary and the Balkans on an equal footing with Russian and Czech manufacturers.

They want the Ottawa agreement washed out, so that American manufacturers can have a similar happy hunting ground in Asia and Africa and the British Dominions.

But they do not offer to sweep away American tariffs, or present British and Russian industry with a free market in Iowa or Nebraska, Utah or Kansas or Louisiana.

Devotion to "Freedom"

In fact, the American devotion to "freedom" and "independence" is not more disinterested than the Russian passion for "friendly relations."

Our own diplomatists (who wrap everything up in words) talk about Britain acting as a "bridge" between America and Russia, an "honest" broker who can cushion their quarrels, and show them how to live amicably together.

But in the secrecy of their own little offices, they imagine themselves being very clever. They think: Ah, we will play the two big giants off, one against the other, and get our own way in the process.

It is the old idea of the Balance of Power which produced a steady succession of European wars over a good three hundred years.

It won't do.

Our job—the job of the British people—is not to hide in the background and try to pull strings. Our job is to come out in the open, announce what we mean to do, and start doing it.

First we must say that the world is too small a place to-day for fifty-eight armies and navies and air forces, fifty-eight tariffs, fifty-eight barriers to migration, fifty-eight sovereign independent Governments, fifty-eight secret services.

We must say that we don't believe any more in the independence of India, or Indo-

China, or Indonesia, in the independence of Egypt or Syria, or Palestine, in the independence of Austria or Hungary or Greece, in the independence of Eire or the Philippines, in the independence of Russia or Great Britain, in the independence of the United States.

And then we should begin to get cracking.

We should reopen our offer of Union with France. Union meaning union, not a mere military alliance.

We should have a word with the Dutch, and suggest that some sort of federation (economic as well as political) in which Holland and India and Britain and Java and anybody else who cared to join on reasonable terms would be really a very good thing. A genuine federation which would show the world what wholehearted democracy could do when it really meant business.

We should throw the door open to the Scandinavian States. We should say to the Arab Federation: Don't be silly, here's something that offers you far more advantages than all that old-fashioned nonsense about sovereignty and independence.

And then we should smile sweetly at our old friends, the Dominions, and say: What about it?

That sounds like a wildly revolutionary proposal? It is. We need something wildly revolutionary. Open any newspaper any day of the week and see where the old theories and the old tactics are getting us.

The present crisis in world affairs is no little storm in a teacup. It is a turning point in history far more drastic than anything the human race has faced for the last five thousand years.

The whole world is back in the melting-pot, and instead of seizing the opportunity to make a new world (which heaven knows we need), statesmen are solemnly trying to stick fifty-eight antiquated and broken moulds together with a few odd bits of adhesive tape salvaged from Geneva.

What we need is a thorough-going World Federation. That means giving up a certain amount of our selfish small-time independence. Right, let us announce here and now that we are prepared to give it up.

Let us put forward the proposal in clear-cut terms—publicly. No secret meetings in barricaded suburbs or isolated yachts.

Britain Must Lead

Let us ask the Americans and Russians if they are interested. If they decline (as they almost certainly will in their present mood) that shouldn't necessarily stop us. We stick to our statement that Great Britain is ready to join in a federal union with any properly constituted democratic country, inside or outside the British Commonwealth, which cares to take up the offer.

Terms: A democratic federal parliament, a single army, navy and air force, free trade, free migration, and a common citizenship.

You might, of course, find a Dutchman setting up a garage in the next street to yours. Or you might decide yourself to go over and grow bulbs in Holland.

Why not? It would be a new and exciting world, and I for one decline to believe that the people of Britain wouldn't more than hold their own in friendly rivalry with any other nation in the world.

It is a chance. It is worth trying. And if Britain set the lead and started the federation movement, you can bet your bottom dollar America and Russia would have to think again.

HE SHOPS FOR BRITAIN

The Minister of Food has the "key" job among men who run Britain. Luckily, Sir Ben Smith knows what short rations mean. He's doing his best to lengthen them, says

HANNEN SWAFFER

FACED WITH ANY PROBLEM of rationing, Sir Ben Smith, the new Minister of Food, thinks first of his wife's troubles and then multiplies them over 5,000,000 times. For he is a family man, one of the people.

He springs from no privileged class. He was a *Warspite* boy who afterwards sailed all over the world, "before the mast"—I believe he went round the Horn twice in his early teens—and then was a cabby in the London streets, first driving a hansom and afterwards a taxi.

He shares with Lord Woolton, his notable predecessor, a liking for the common folk. Woolton acquired it as a welfare worker in Liverpool's dockland. It was Ben Smith's only heritage in the poverty of his boyhood.

Washington found it hard to realise, when Sir Ben was sent there by Churchill as Minister of Supply, that the new emissary had come from such a lowly origin. He is so impressive. The twinkle in his eye does not do more than soften the dignity of his height and breadth. And he speaks with an authority born of travelled experience.

When, in his Ministry in Portman Square, he hears of a cargo of food coming from some foreign port it is to him not merely a name but a dock that he can visualise with his memory.

Either as a deck-hand or as a bluejacket in the Royal Navy, in which he was a match-weight boxing champion, he went there once, never dreaming he would reach Cabinet rank—yes, and even be mentioned as Ambassador to the United States!

But Big Ben will refuse the high post at Washington.

"Feed the People"

"It is my job to feed the people," he says. "I am going to do it."

Do you, I wonder, realise the immensity of his task?

Woolton's rationing was willingly endured without a murmur by a populace eager to win the war. Ben Smith had to function in a time of continued shortage when, the fighting over, ill-informed housewives were critical.

Why, Colonel Llewellin, who preceded him, was blamed for a potato shortage inevitable between two crops! "Baron Cupboard," someone called him on hearing he was to become a peer!

Ben, when he took on the job, was faced with the end of Lend-Lease, scarcity of dollars with which to buy supplies, and shortage of stocks that had fallen almost to Mother Hubbard level. More than once he was almost compelled to enforce another ration cut—in peace time!

Ben, instead of ushering in a time of greater abundance, as some might expect, had to urge Austerity. It was either that or national bankruptcy.

And all over the world there was a shortage of food. He had to supply not only our own 47,000,000 men, women and children at home, but also balance the supply of staple foods for 1,800,000,000 people overseas—in China, India, Siam, Burma, and the liberated lands!

There is only one-sixth of the rice needed to feed the Asiatics—and one and a half ton of wheat has to be found to replace every ton of rice that is short. Besides, this year's wheat harvest is the world's worst since 1938.

Yet, not many years ago, the man faced with this herculean task was driving a taxicab!

Fortunately, we live in a time when the overseas Dominions have more love for the Mother Country than was ever known in our island history.

In Canada and in Australasia they are themselves going short so that more dairy produce and meat can be sent to these shores. South Africa is sending us voluntary gifts.

Recently, in an hour of stress, Sir Ben called up the Food Minister in Ottawa—"We need another 13,000 tons of bacon this quarter."

"You shall have it," came back the answer, without a pause. "We won't let you down."

It is in that spirit that all the Dominions, and the islands of the West Indies, rush to our aid.

Asking for More

As an example of Smith's troubles, he recently went to the Treasury and said, "I want 200,000,000 dollars to buy food abroad."

"You can have only 50,000,000 dollars," he was told.

He had to go, cap in hand, for more—and tell the Chancellor why.

Then he has to scrape around the world's food-barrel and find new supplies. Peanuts were one. They contain cooking fat—and the shortage of fats everywhere is one of the big teasers.

Smith's new task is to work with the Ministry of Agriculture—which has guaranteed a four-years' market to the farmers at stabilised prices.

What we cannot produce at home he will buy abroad in vast bulk, eliminating costly middlemen, keeping the housewife's price down and balancing it between the cost for home harvests and the price paid overseas.

Only in that way can you satisfy, at the same time, our own farmers and the women in the shops. The alternative is "No controls," which would mean skyrocket costs at which only the rich can buy.

Sir Ben, and all the Government behind him, are determined that the many, and not the few, shall be considered.

"No, I don't know much about vitamins and all that sort of thing," Big Ben admits. "I leave that to experts. I know that the monotony of our food must be varied by as many 'tasty bits' as we can get."

Dodges Banquets

He does not eat, as do the Tory ex-Ministers, in luxury hotels or at dinner-tables of the rich. Usually, he lunches at the sort of British Restaurant arranged for the Ministry's staff. He dodges every official banquet that he can.

And he loves to go home to Rotherhithe, on the River Thames near which he was brought up, and a district he represents in Parliament. There, as a change from the stilted talk of Whitehall, he meets the cronies who sent him to Parliament.

It is typical of him that when he recently heard that there were large stores of wines in France, he insisted on our importing not the costly vintages demanded by the swell restaurants but £3,000,000 worth at popular prices. These, he said, would brighten up ordinary homes at Christmas. He pegged down the price—and even tried to get it stamped, not only on the corks, but on the bottles.

If Ben ever met a food profiteer, he would, I hazard, forget he was a Cabinet Minister, remember only his boxing days, and give him a punch on the jaw!

"If ever Ben met a food profiteer, he'd give him a punch on the jaw!"

FREE SPEECH

NO MEDALS FOR SOLDIER HOUSEWIFE

Meals off the floor. Coaching parties banned. The Rhine is not boring. Separate queues for long-distance passengers. No danger in T.B. nursing. Pacifists change their minds

OWING TO THE ILLNESS of my wife I have just completed a fortnight's housekeeping, including the care of two children, aged six and two. My thirteen-year-old daughter has helped me.

I must say I've had some hard and tedious jobs, including Army service, but none compare with housekeeping.

Before my wife was ill I used to have a lot of little complaints—the tea was too strong or too weak, there was no boot polish left, or my collar was not properly ironed. But now all that is changed. However anything gets ironed at all, or how meals appear on time, is a wonder. A two-year-old baby seems to use remarkable intelligence in discovering the thousand-and-one ways he can cause more work.

By teatime I was worn out physically and mentally. My temper was very uncertain by bedtime. In fairness to myself, though, I must say that everything was done methodically and not in the topsy-turvy way men run houses.

But I was unable to make the housekeeping allowance—the spending of which I've often questioned—last the full week. Now my wife is up and about I've increased her allowance "at great personal sacrifice." I've told her this is to meet the increased cost of living, but really it's a salve for my conscience.—A. RODGERS, 4, Lower Range, Range Bank, Halifax, Yorks.

Metamorphosis

A COUPLE OF MONTHS or so ago I was in a reception camp in Rangoon. We slept on the floor and ate our meals off the floor until the news came through that the camp was to be visited by the Secretary of State for War. Straight away a dining-hall was fitted out with tables and forms and every man was issued with a bed.—L/CPL. N. SLATER, Leeds.

Big Parties Banned

IN THIS PART of the country practically all the main road hotels are putting up signs saying, "No accommodation for coaches." This seems out of place in a land that is supposed to champion democracy. Often I see twenty or thirty private cars outside these hotels. Perhaps the Licensing Justices will consider this sort of thing when they are asked to renew licences.—H. B., Cheshire.

Spooky

A STRANGE THING happened to me on November 11. Can any of your readers explain? At 1.30 p.m. an ordinary kitchen chair fell over. There was no one near and no possible reason for it. I have tried to forget it, but am constantly wondering whether the incident means something.—MRS. N. H. M., Birkenhead, Cheshire.

The Innocents Pay

CONTRARY TO GENERAL OPINION, many of the members of the Army on the Rhine are not having boring, useless days waiting for demobilisation. We are busily engaged on "Operation Eagle," transporting Polish slave workers from our zone to Stettin.

A few Germans remain in Stettin, and their plight is the worst I have seen during nineteen months on this unhappy continent. With the Poles unable or unwilling to feed them, they rely on the Tommy. The sight of old women, expectant mothers and deathly pale children softens the hardest heart.

Germany must pay for her sins, but why with the lives of innocents?—DRIVER C. L. WILLIAMS, A Platoon, 380 Coy., R.A.S.C. (G.T.), B.A.O.R.

Rising Market

SOME YOUNG FRIENDS of mine decided to buy second-hand furniture to go with the small amount of Utility stuff which they possess. With high hopes, they

"It was in his shop"—

went to an auction but, of course, they could not bid against the furniture dealers.

One of these dealers bought a dining-room suite for £50. Not long after, it was in his shop labelled £150.—D. F. PALMER, c/o Pearces, Chapel Street, St. Ives, Cornwall.

Kind to the Sergeant

WHEN I OFFERED a shilling for refreshments yesterday the waitress told me she never took soldiers' money. She advised me to let the civvies pay for me, as they always did in the long run. The tobacconist slyly gives me cigarettes which he refuses to civilians; the 'bus conductresses will not take my fare. I was pushed in front of a queue.

I am grateful for all these kindnesses, but would like to point out that I get 11s. 6d. a day with everything found; and I get cut-price cigarettes. This favouritism embarrasses me.—S/SGT. S. G. GOWER, Parachute Regt., 52, Drayton Park, Highbury, N.5.

Shifting Prospect

MAY I VOICE the opinion of many thousands of locomotive men in connection with your article by Gilbert McAllister and the comments of S. H. (JOHN BULL, October 27 and November 10)? We find shift-work a horrible, soul-destroying curse. To attempt to live a normal life is like reaching for the moon. I have completed nearly twenty years on shift work with the prospect (if I survive) of another thirty years before reaching pensionable age. — F. J. CHUDLEY, 29, Grange Road, Stoughton, Guildford, Surrey.

Broadcast English

BY JOVE, doesn't the B.B.C. march with the times? A friend who is an actor of some experience wrote to see what chances he had of resuming repertory work after five years in the Forces. He received a polite letter saying there was a long waiting list, but his name had been added, etc., etc. It was an exact replica of a letter he received six years ago.—OLIVE OLIVIER, S.W.7.

Long and Short Of It

I HAVE OFTEN been left standing in a queue at a 'bus terminus just because people who had very short distances to go were there before me. Would it not be a good idea to have double queues for long and short distance passengers.

It seems such a shame that those of us who go from terminus to terminus should be left behind for the penny-stage passengers.—Miss B. MELLOR, Royton, near Oldham.

Sex Equality Again

MY FIANCEE and I recently compared our wages and expenses. I earn £7 10s. and she earns £4 15s. a week. When

"We can't release you yet, sergeant—you're not fit enough to stand the hurly-burly of civilian life"

"My privilege to entertain"

income tax, travelling expenses and lodgings are taken into account I am left with £1 13s. 6d. and she has £2 0s. 6d.

But it is still my privilege to provide entertainment and save for our home.—B. A., Middlesbrough, Yorkshire.

Jehovah's Witnesses

I READ WITH SURPRISE and shock your article by Vincent Brome on Jehovah's Witnesses (JOHN BULL, November 10). Do you believe, with the British people, in freedom of worship? Do you realise that Jehovah's Witnesses were among the first of the organisations which Hitler banned in 1933?—FRED B. SMEDLEY, 2, West Road, Elgin, Morayshire.

WITH GREAT SATISFACTION I read Vincent Brome's article. I first heard of Jehovah's Witnesses in 1939 when someone I knew asked me to join. He explained a little to me and said he would bring me a book. I heard enough and told him I would burn the book if he brought it. Since then I have heard a lot about Jehovah's Witnesses, and to my great disgust find they are gaining strength.—A. E. SNAITH, 36, Mount Durand, St. Peter Port, Guernsey, Channel Islands.

. Vincent Brome was reviewing a book, *Jehovah's Witnesses* (Columbia University Press and Oxford). JOHN BULL did not defend a sect which came to be known for its principles of conscientious objection; nor did we attack it. We gave readers a review so that they could find out for themselves.—EDITOR.

A Call for Nurses

WHY DO MOST GIRLS still fight shy of tuberculosis nursing? The danger of infection is practically *nil*, as most of the work is in the open.

There is constant supervision and X-ray examination for domestic workers and nurses in the sanatoria. If only girls realised how badly they are needed, if they could only see the empty beds and the patients who cannot be cared for because of the shortage of staff, I am sure they would come forward.

I am a patient and I see how bad things are here. Yet the staff carry on cheerfully.—MRS. H. S., Whitley Grange Sanatorium, Thornhill, Dewsbury, Yorks.

Is This a Record?

SURELY ALL DOCTORS should keep a proper record of their patients to be handed over to other doctors who might have to take on a case. I was turned down for the Forces in 1914 because of heart trouble.

Since then one doctor has told me the trouble is worse, but three more have said I am all right. Another doctor gave me exemption from fire-watching and later said there was nothing wrong with me.—G. H. B., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

Transport Still Short?

MY HUSBAND HAS BEEN in the Army just over six years. We have been married five, and out of this my husband

has been abroad three years. He has just returned to his unit after twenty-eight days' leave. He is due for release early next year, but has been sent all the way back to Palestine.

It seems so silly. The journey takes three weeks and he has only about twelve weeks to serve.—MARGARET SIMPSON, 10, Mowbray Road, South Shields, County Durham.

Parliamentary Question

I NOTE THAT OUR legislators are having lunch at 1s. 6d. and dinner at 2s. at Westminster. I wonder if those who were so outspoken in their protests about eating-out before they became M.P.s. now give up their meat coupons?—A. F. HENRY, 62, Market Square, Lisburn, Northern Ireland.

Station Hold-up

THERE IS A LOT of talk about money being plentiful these days, but the booking clerk at Liverpool Street station could not scrape together change for a pound note the other evening. I had the note and sixpence and wanted a one-and-

"I wrangled at the ticket office"

tenpenny fare. The comments of the queue as I wrangled at the ticket office would have scorched JOHN BULL from cover to cover. But seriously, there's some inefficiency when a London terminus cannot have change at the end of a day.—A. E. CADBY, Woodford, Essex.

Woman's Secret

WHY DO MEN always think that women cannot keep secrets? I presume your reader G. Green (JOHN BULL, November 3) is a man, and a thorough, dyed-in-red-tape Civil Servant at that. For many women in important positions during the war absolute secrecy was essential.

My own daughter, who knew at various times where my two sons were, and whether they were likely to be returning to England, never mentioned anything to me when the war was on. She gave me no inkling of news which would have helped to relieve my anxiety. Why? Because she had promised the War Office that she would observe secrecy over anything she might learn during her work there.—MRS. MARY ANGEL, Oakley Road, Warlingham, Surrey.

Pacifists Turned Fighters

IT IS INTERESTING to compare the recent riotous behaviour of a section of Egyptian youth with their ironclad pacifism of a year or two ago. These youths are now plundering unarmed minorities in Cairo and other large towns.

Yet during the battles in North Africa they would not raise a hand to defend themselves—even with the Germans at the gates of Alexandria. The Palestine problem—of no direct concern to the Egyptians—is merely an excuse for riots. It is a strange way of showing gratitude to the Allies.—G. PARRY, Grug Wen, Amlwch Port, Anglesey.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief

If you haven't heard of the charity, and the integrity of the collector is in doubt—don't give a penny! Bogus "collectors" are on the prowl trying to make an easy Christmas-box for themselves.

CHARITY CROOKS ON YOUR DOORSTEP

They tell you harrowing stories of suffering. They appeal plausibly to your generosity. WILLIAM J. GAGE, JOHN BULL'S Special Investigator, says "Beware"

ROUND ABOUT Christmas time charity organisations look for an increase in their receipts. People are in a benevolent "giving" mood, and charities benefit accordingly.

So, also, do many crooks and self-styled "collectors," who look to the Christmas generosity of the public to provide them with a good harvest as a start to the New Year.

Despite the numerous references in JOHN BULL and the work of many well-meaning committees which have been set up from time to time to stop abuses of charity, the cheats and bogus organisers still prosper.

Only recently, a man named George Reardon, of Windsor Street, Liverpool, was questioned by the police about charitable collections which he and his wife had been making in the name of a well-known society. With remarkable frankness, he made a voluntary statement, from which the following are extracts:

"I'm guilty all right—but you can't prove it. Your evidence against me has gone you haven't got the box or the card. My wife and I have had hundreds of pounds out of it."

"What about those other people?" he asked. "What about the fellow who goes around in uniform? He 'tips up' (that is, pays over) about a fiver a week and makes £20 for himself."

Reardon then went on to give details about the operations of some charity promoters. One, he said, makes hundreds of pounds a week.

His statement concluded: "I admit I've had a good run and I've bluffed you fellows. . . . I hope you can stop this collecting-box business—it's one of the biggest rackets in the world. I'm giving it up."

Before I go any further I want to make it quite clear that for most of the big organisations I have nothing but praise. They are doing fine work. Until some scheme of national social service is devised by the Government to cover the needs of necessitous cases, they are worthy of support.

Swindlers "Move On"

But no action can be too severe to put a stop to the activities of crooks.

Two men, for example, have been going the rounds of seaside resorts collecting for the "local blind." They operated from temporary addresses and collected much money before moving on.

They were always careful not to stay long in one town in case anyone became too curious about the exact nature of their charitable collection. One was a man with at least half a dozen convictions for fraud. The other man had three convictions.

Scotland Yard is now inquiring into the activities of other collectors who operate with faked "authorisation certificates" from charity organisations. Some of these have been busy in the Metropolitan police district recently.

Some spurious "charities" are run by people who are completely unknown to any of the reputable charitable societies. Sometimes these people style themselves "Reverend," although they belong to no established religion.

They issue circulars containing touching appeals for aid for people blinded from babyhood, for crippled children, for pathetic cases of men and women ruined by ill-health—all described in harrowing terms designed to arouse compassion and draw sums of money from the pockets of a sympathetic public.

Money for Themselves

The Charity Organisation Society knows of the existence of several collectors who, while they occasionally do good work, are superfluous and make exaggerated statements in order to bring in money for themselves.

Another way of obtaining money for charity which is very liable to exploitation at Christmas is the lottery.

There are two families who, every year, run lotteries in the name of some obscure charity. They break the law—but they make a nice profit for themselves.

The tickets are sold through agents to anybody who will buy. The agents are paid a big enough commission to make it well worth taking trouble to dispose of a large number.

The sponsors do live up to their promises by giving part of the money to the charity for which the lottery is being held. But only a very small percentage goes in this way. The rest—and it amounts to a large sum—goes into their own pockets.

Several questions are being asked about war charities.

For instance, what steps are being taken by the local authorities concerned to demand accounts from these organisations? Who will inspect them, and who is to decide whether the organisations are fit, as constituted, to remain on the register of charities?

A large number of small concerns have no need to be registered, and their promoters are not responsible to any official body—nor do they break any law—as long as they devote *part* of their proceeds to the charities for which collections are made.

Well-drawn, carefully phrased laws are needed urgently which will give strong powers to specially selected administrators.

With these powers the central body could co-ordinate the work of the recognised, old-established charities. At the same time, redundant or fraudulent organisations could be entirely wiped out.

Let me add a final warning to readers. If a charity appeal reaches you and you do not know the organisation or if there is any doubt as to the integrity of the collector or of the appeal, *don't give anything*.

In a small number of cases this attitude may mean that a genuine organisation is deprived of your gift. But it is more likely that you will merely be refusing to contribute towards a handsome Christmas present for the sponsor.

CENTRAL HEATING FOR EVERYONE

Snugly warm homes, non-stop hot water—and nothing to pay! It sounds like dreamland, but VINCENT BROME explains that it would be easy. It's just a question of using heat that at present goes down the drain

EVERY YEAR one million tons of good British coal is poured into the Thames. The entire output of a thousand miners working a thousand shifts goes up in one glorious cloud of steam.

That is the net result of the system of generating electricity which still permits 25 per cent. of the heat produced to run to waste.

Look at the modern turbine station to-day. Twenty-two million tons of coal is used every year to heat the water which produces the steam driving the turbines.

Either great cooling towers are built through which the steam passes until it has condensed once more into water and returns to feed the boilers, or it is cooled in near-by rivers. This cooling process wastes no less than a quarter of the heat generated from the original 22 million tons of coal.

Yet it could be diverted to heat millions of households throughout the country at a cost of barely three shillings a week per household.

F. Hamlyn Dennis, author of a new book, *Electricity, Public and Private* (just published by Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), goes into the whole question and comes to two conclusions.

The worst of winter is just around the corner. The Government is considering nationalisation of the electrical industry. So Mr. Dennis' book comes along at the right moment. It is a pity he could not have made it more readable.

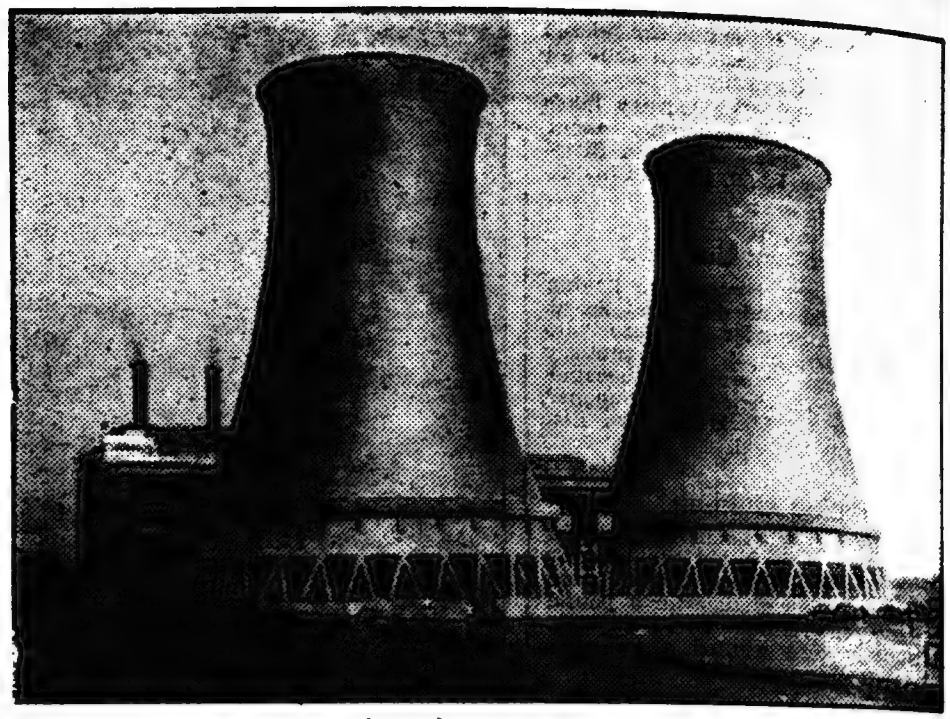
But there is no mistaking the importance of its subject, and the book comes very close to the man in the street when it reaches district heating:

Six Miles of Heat

"It has been found by experience, especially in Moscow, that hot water can be easily distributed over distances from 6 miles to 7½ miles, and that the average standard temperature of 248 deg. Fahr. to 266 deg. Fahr. is the most suitable. In Moscow, however, as in other cities, the temperature of the water is varied according to the weather.

"In Leningrad, steam and hot water are supplied from power stations to a considerable part of the city, including, in 1934, more than two hundred large establishments such as hospitals, hotels, public baths and factories, as well as houses. . . ."

That is Mr. Dennis, quoting the *Times*. Just how does the Russian system work? Old-fashioned cooling towers are no longer part of the Russian set-up. Instead of cooling the steam at source, it is piped to an inner ring of factories and passed on to an outer ring of houses and shops, and then arrives back at the boilers, cooled and used again.



The 220 ft. high cooling towers of a super generating station. But the process they employ wastes an enormous amount of heat—which could be diverted to warm our homes

By this means, very little potential heat is lost and many humble homes in Russia receive a service which would be considered a luxury in Britain. They are, more or less, centrally heated.

Of course, the severe Russian winter demands a more elaborate heating system than we have here. It is true, also, that Russia does not stand on ceremony if it wants something done. But district heating is by no means peculiar to Russia. In New York the Steam Corporation runs ninety miles of district heating. Paris had fifteen miles.

And Britain? We have to leave London and the big cities of the Midlands and turn to Dundee before we find any attempt at district heating in this country.

Dundee has run a district heating system since 1920, but so strong was the feeling against it at one time that the local power station refused to supply the surplus steam.

To-day, another city has begun to take an interest. Mr. Dennis writes:

"Proposals were made by the Planning Committee of Bristol City Council in October, 1943, for distributing hot water in a commercial area of Bristol in conjunction with the electricity supply undertaking. . . . The area under discussion covers 335 acres of a part of Bristol that was devastated by air raids. The complete scheme is designed to provide 12,000,000 therms annually. . . . An overall thermo-dynamic efficiency of from 60 to 65 per cent. is envisaged. . . ."

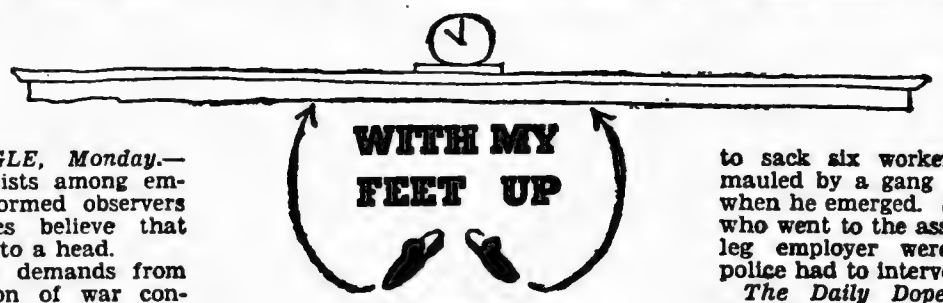
No Dirty Grates

How would all this effect the average housewife? It would mean a constant supply of hot water with all rooms evenly heated, and no worry about coal or dirty grates.

For the community as a whole it means something more important. District heating would save 22,000,000 tons of coal a year, and in the next few years coal will become the key to our prosperity.

For the rest, Mr. Dennis' book is full of fascinating facts about the future of electricity—and is worth reading for that if for nothing else.

There has been much talk about tapping atomic energy and leaving electricity a relic of a past age. But it will be at least ten years before you will switch on your atomic heater instead of lighting the fire in the old iron grate. In the meantime electricity and steam can change our everyday life.



by IAN FOX

THE DAILY BUNGLE, Monday.—Serious unrest exists among employers. Well-informed observers in high official circles believe that affairs must soon come to a head.

Faced by high wage demands from employees, the cessation of war contracts, increased super-tax and the general worsening of conditions, many employers see ruin ahead and are devoid of hope for the future. Strike action is threatened if better conditions are not forthcoming.

The Evening Headache, Wednesday.—In the House to-day, Mr. Thomas Thomason (Cons.-Lib.-Nat.) asked the Minister of Dehabilitation if he had any information concerning the proposed strike by employers. No answer was given.

The Daily Dope, Thursday.—As from midnight last night, employers in many parts of the country began their threatened strike. Their twelve-point demand includes a minimum wage rate of £1,000 a year, a twenty-hour week, and no victimisation by employees.

A LEADER OF THE National Union of Employers, Proprietors and Industrial Magnates said: "The strike is entirely unofficial. We are doing what we can."

The Daily Bungle, Saturday.—Yesterday members of the Amalgamated Union of Working Workers met representatives of the strikers to discuss a formula to get the employers back. After several hours, a deadlock was reached on the demand by the employers for guaranteed annual profits.

It is feared that the strike may spread to company directors and sleeping partners.

The Daily Dozen, Monday.—Over 20,000 employers marched to Hyde Park yesterday afternoon carrying banners bearing such slogans as "We want equal rights with workers."

THEIR LEADER, in an impassioned speech, said: "It is fantastic, in 1945, at the end of a victorious war to preserve our rights, that the employers of this country should be faced with ruin for their businesses and starvation for their families.

"I ask for improved working conditions for bosses. I demand a reduction in office hours from five to four a day, and a Rolls-Royce for everyone above the status of managing director."

The Evening Headache, Tuesday.—Britain's export drive is likely to be seriously hampered by the employers' strike. Such irresponsible action by a small section of the community may paralyse the industrial life of the nation.

Yesterday several clashes occurred between striking employers and blacklegs. One employer entered his office by a back door.

Although he stayed only long enough to sack six workers, he was severely mauled by a gang of big business men when he emerged. Several working men who went to the assistance of the blackleg employer were injured and the police had to intervene.

The Daily Dope, Wednesday.—STOP PRESS: Government drafting 2,000 Army officers into business to break strike. Strikers say: "This means chaos."

The Daily Bungle, Thursday.—Several hundred more bosses joined the strike yesterday. Interviewed last night, a prominent employer said: "We seek an Employers' Charter. If the workers expect to use our plants and premises to work in, and expect to get paid with our money, then they must see that we get reasonable and humane treatment in return.

"While the war was on, we were making plenty of money and conditions were good. Now we can only survive by insisting on our rights. Either employees' wages must be lowered or ours must be raised."

The Daily Dozen, Friday.—Three further demands by the employers have created another deadlock in the strike talks.

THE BOSSES ARE demanding unlimited petrol, a 50 per cent. increase in expenses allowances (exclusive of a minimum of five luncheons a week), and that all fees incurred through sickness or injury shall be docked from the wages of employees.

The Sunday Best.—STOP PRESS: Strikers agree to go back if Government starts new war as soon as possible, thus restoring conditions of prosperity.

JOHN BULL SHORT STORY

a matter of business

Moocher had a way with him. He was so good a salesman that he spread terror throughout a city with a tiny pellet. But though the stuff was apparently as powerful as the atomic bomb, a smell robbed him of a million pounds

by LORD DUNSANY

"A frightful explosion," they said, looking at their own shattered windows

ILLUSTRATED BY RIX

SUMMER HAD GONE, and the brighter part of the autumn, and it was dark again in the Billiards Club by the time lunch was over, as though the fog had come down our little street before anyone had noticed he was about, and had peered in at our window.

"For the Lord's sake," said someone, "tell us something about some country that is not entirely shrouded in darkness."

"I've seen several such countries," said Jorkens. "Lived amongst them for years."

"Tell us what you were doing," said someone.

"Business, mostly," said Jorkens.

And at the word business one or two of our members who work in the City, when they are not taking a rest at the Billiards Club, woke up or sat up and asked Jorkens what kind of business.

"Various kinds," said Jorkens. "Some small, some big. One of the biggest bits of business I ever saw, I was only indirectly concerned in.

"I had lent a man a fiver, and he was going to repay it at 1,000 per cent. when his deal came off. What the deal was I didn't know at the time. I invested the money in the man, not in the deal. And he was the kind of man whose deals come off much oftener than once in ten; so that it might really have paid you to lend him money at 500 per cent., let alone at 1,000.

"He had an unerring eye for the man with whom to do business. He knew exactly the man to whom business was a strange and mysterious force, no more to be understood by a man to whom it had not secretly been revealed than Greek could be understood by a man who had never learned it. The kind of man he wanted is rather hard to define."

"A mug," interrupted Terbut.

"It is a vulgar word," said Jorkens, "and not exactly the one I was seeking, but anyway Moocher could do business. He had no money and borrowed a fiver of me, and borrowed from a good many other people; investing he called it. And the business he was concerned with at the moment was floating a new kind of cheese, a thing called Chewit.

"He had the cheese all ready, and had raised £3,000. And then he suddenly realised that at the pace that the money was coming in he would never have enough money to advertise Chewit as a thing like that would have to be advertised.

"So he dropped Chewit with a dull thud and turned at once to a new scheme. And that was the scheme that was to bring me back my fiver, and nine more of them with it.

"In the city of Chichagua he went straight to the office of its biggest firm, pushing a hand-cart with a roll of light wire on it, and asked to see the manager. And he was shown up at once. That is one of the things that Moocher could do.

"It may seem a small thing; but, if you want to make a great fortune, that is about half way to it; and, if you haven't that knack or ability you will never make anything in business at all.

"I cannot define the knack: there was a very great deal of mystery about him for one thing; and, when you began to penetrate his mystery, you began to see at the edges of it whatever you were most interested in yourself.

"For instance, the firm of Gonzalez, to which Moocher went, was interested in getting a contract from the Government, to make a lot of artillery; and, when Moocher called, he refused to tell the janitor anything, because his business was much too secret; and, when the secretary came, he hinted at war; and, after a great deal more mystery, artillery began to emerge from his hints, like the nose of a mouse in a corner.

"And so he got taken up to the fifteenth storey, with a little case in his hand, leaving his handcart below beside the main door, and saw the manager and told him that in these days of scientific wonders it was not entirely an impossibility that Mars or some other planet might declare war on us, while we on our side were utterly unprepared.

"'But how do you suggest that we should prepare against such a thing as that?' asked the manager.

"'That is what I have called about,' said Moocher. 'Others will have to invent a gun capable of sending a shell as far as Mars. They should be able to do that. There is one already that can send its shell far outside Earth's fifty miles of atmosphere. But I have invented an explosive which, if packed into a fair-sized shell, could wreck the planet Mars.'

"'Wreck it?' said the manager of Gonzalez.

"'Certainly,' said Moocher.

"'But—but—but,' began the manager.

"'You will naturally demand proofs,' said Moocher. 'And these I have with me.'

"He produced a pill-box, so small that the fears of the manager were slightly allayed; and in the pill-box was a little soft yellow pill, no longer than an ordinary pellet of shot, a number 6 shot, you know.

"Then he opened the case he had brought, and took out a little electric battery, and a packet of cotton-wool with some chemical on it.

"'Put this pill-box,' he said, 'in the cotton-wool and lay it in any convenient place that you may choose. I have a mile of wire downstairs on a drum. Take it with you, unrolling it as you go, and connect the wires with this end of the cotton-wool. A spark will ignite it there; and, if you choose a place in sight of one of your windows, you will see a very big explosion when I press down this knob.'

THEY HAD THREE windows looking out all over the town, and a fine view from their fifteenth storey.

"'But what will explode?' asked the manager.

"'This pellet,' said Moocher. 'It will make a crater a hundred yards across, and very deep; and, if you put a million of them into a shell, the crater will be a million times larger, wherever that shell drops; roughly 10,000 kilometres; quite enough to smash a small planet.'

"At this point the manager of Gonzalez began to see that he was up against a very big thing. You may wonder at his believing Moocher like this, but there was that persuasive air about Moocher that all crooks have; and, anyway, he had his proofs with him.

"'But what ——?' he began, and then stopped.

What the manager was going to say was: But what if the thing bursts on *our* planet?'

"But he did not continue, because it is a bad thing in business to let the other man know what you are frightened about.

"'I should like to consult my—my partners,' he said instead.

MOOCHER SAID he would be charmed to meet them. And the manager rang, and a clerk came and showed in two or three more men.

"Again Moocher explained, and there was rather a silence. Moocher looked cheerfully out of all the windows, admiring the view.

"'You have only to choose a convenient place,' he said.

"Well, they were all of them frightened of what Moocher might do with a big lump of his explosive, and none of them was frightened of the little soft yellow pellet. And of course there was doubt, too, running in and out among their fears.

"With things like that, and the persuasive Moocher urging them to choose a convenient spot, it was not long before the ends of the two wires were brought upstairs and fitted on to Moochers' little battery; while a clerk pushed a handcart with the rest of the wires, unrolling as they went, and the firm of Gonzalez followed out of the town.

"They had chosen, without any assistance from Moocher, a green space seen from their northern window just under a mile away, on which were no houses. The city went more than a mile in that direction, but there was this fairly wide space of rather marshy ground.

"In the middle of it they had decided to put down the pill-box, in its cushion of cotton-wool, and to fix the wires to it and return to their office. They got everything fixed up in twenty minutes; while Moocher sat in the office talking with one of the clerks, whom he com-

The Author

can be summed up as poet, big game hunter, soldier and Irishman. He has passed from adventure to adventure as easily as he produces novels, plays, poetry and fantasies.

During the war, he was Byron professor of English Language and Literature in Athens when the Germans invaded Greece. He got away—on a ship that was mercilessly dive-bombed.

The atomic bomb discovery gives a strange topicality to his short story which we publish here. Actually, Lord Dunsany says he wrote it just before the war.

pletely charmed, for he was always charming to everybody, never knowing who might not be useful to him, or when he might not need him.

"Then the firm of Gonzalez hired a faraka, as they call their horse-vehicles there, and drove back to the office.

"'You have the wires connected?' asked Moocher.

"'Yes,' they said.

"'And you are all ready?' he asked.

"'Certainly,' they replied.

"'Where have you put the pellet?' he asked them. For they had not told him.

"And they pointed at the place to him from their north window.

"'Then, shall I press the knob?' he asked.

"'Do so,' said the firm of Gonzalez.

"There was the sort of explosion that we associate more with Europe than with anything in the tropical part of America. A tiny flash came from the cotton-wool, and instantly they saw a wide fountain of black earth forcing upward a cloud of smoke with immense rapidity.

"DEAD SILENCE, as the partners stood gazing and scarcely breathing. And then a boom and a great rush of air, and the windows of Chichagua tinkling to the ground.

"'A frightful explosion,' they said, looking at their own shattered windows.

"'Just a sample,' said Moocher. 'But what we are concerned with is an explosion a million times greater. You see what it might be like, gentlemen. It is mathematical. You merely multiply by a million. I hope you may see your way to purchasing my invention.'

"There was quite a silence before anybody asked the obvious question: 'At what price?'

"'Five million American dollars,' said Moocher.

"'At the present moment,' said the manager, 'at this particular date, our firm have not so much at their disposal.'

"The statement was untrue, but it need have been no more than the opening of a perfectly reasonable discussion. Moocher, however, preferred to take it as being a definite statement of fact, and, without any argument whatever, he packed up his little electric battery and, saying farewell to them all very politely, walked out of the room.

"One of them called after him something about, 'perhaps on a later occasion,' and at any rate got his address, so that they were not left with this awful menace without any possibility of taking some steps to meet it. And that was the end of that day's business.

"A few days later there was a pretty large meeting. Naturally the city was interested; they had all had their windows shattered. Moocher attended, carrying a pretty large bag this time, and in the bag was a really big lump of the same stuff as the soft yellow pellet.

"'No smoking, please, gentlemen,' he said to the meeting.

"They looked up rather surprised; not so much because they mostly smoke cigars in those parts as a matter of course, as because they were many of them important citizens, while Moocher had drifted into their city from nowhere.

"'I have a good deal of bangite in this bag,' he explained.

"'A—a considerable amount?' questioned somebody.

"'Sufficient to wreck a planet,' said Moocher pleasantly.

"THE CIGARS WENT OUT at once, but there was a fire in the grate some distance away from the platform, where Moocher was seated with his bag on the table before him; for it was just in the middle of their short winter. More than one voice said falteringly: 'But there's a fire in the room.'

"Moocher opened his big bag again and took from it the kind of cover that is sometimes put over large cheeses, a big porcelain thing with a handle, and foolish designs painted on it.

"'A spark is not likely to fly as far as this,' he said pleasantly, 'but I have brought this in case.' And he covered up his big lump of bangite with it.

"And then the chairman arose, to express in a few words the uneasiness of everyone in that room about the safety of our planet, while such an explosive existed as was capable of making the explosion that they had all heard and felt with a speck no larger than a grain of No. 6 shot. Moocher rose and smiled.

"'My price,' he said, 'gentlemen, is five million American dollars.'

"HANDS TWITCHED towards hip-pockets, but did no more than twitch, for no one dared fire a revolver in that room, especially when Moocher lifted the cover by a few inches, as though in answer to some of their thoughts. It was purely a matter of business. And they began to bargain.

"Moocher wasn't too hard on them, and he let them off a fifth of the sum. And the bargainers seemed to be coming together nicely, and our old planet seemed about to be saved, when a be-whiskered farmer went right up to the platform.

"'You say it would blow up the planet,' he asked.

"'Any planet,' said Moocher in his most polished manner.

"'Taxes and wars and strikes,' muttered the farmer. 'I guess I am about tired of this old planet, anyway.'

"And he grabbed the bangite before Moocher could stop him and strode past wondering rows of seated men and threw it into the fire. Many men said afterwards what they had been prepared to do, but as a matter of fact they all sat perfectly still and perfectly silent, and all stopped breathing. When they did breathe again they breathed in the smell of about the worst cheese that ever threatened the market. Yes, that's what the bangite was. It was Chewit.

"MOOCHER NEVER WASTED anything. If he could have got that muck on the market he might have made £100,000 by it in a year, but he was after bigger money now, and in a shorter time; and if it hadn't been for that damned farmer he'd have got it.

"His wires had connected with the cotton-wool all right, but he had a friend watching for the flash in the cotton-wool; and the moment the friend saw that, he shoved down another knob in a little battery which sent a spark along another wire to the few tons of gun-cotton which Moocher had buried under the spot where they put the pill-box.

"That's how he'd spent the £3,000 which he had been some weeks in raising."

"But how on earth did he know," asked Terbut, "where they had put the pill-box? You said to us that they never told him where they were going to put it."

"How did he know?" said Jorkens. "He watched them out of a window. He was on the fifteenth storey and could see the whole city, and his friend down below could see which window Moocher was standing at.

"There was nowhere possible much short of a mile, and the wires were no longer than that. They weren't going to have the explosion among the houses. The only possible places were this green marsh that you could see from the north window and a green mound that you could see from the west window, and a barely possible site that you could see looking out of the third.

"Moocher buried a small portion of gun-cotton there, but the bulk of what he had bought he buried in the other two places.

"I suppose Moocher made some sign to his friend from the window, and the friend must have run on ahead to wherever he had his battery, and sat waiting to see the flash in the cotton-wool.

"Of course, Moocher did no more business in Chichagua. But he wouldn't have borne any malice. That kind of man, you know, can always find a job anywhere."

IMMORTAL—AND WHY

by HAROLD BRIGHOUSE

Hamlet

Every masterpiece is a miracle resulting from genius, itself inexplicable. Critical recognition of a work of art as a masterpiece does not necessarily imply popularity. "Hamlet," however, is a popular masterpiece.

Shakespeare selected a story of high and also popular dramatic values—crime and punishment.

The craftsmanship of his construction is superb. Note the early reference to Fortinbras, who as a man of action is ultimately to be contrasted with Hamlet, the man of philosophic hesitation.

But the story of a civilised Prince in a barbaric Danish court, and the construction which carries the story from point to point, are scaffolding.

"Hamlet" clothes the story in imperishable poetry. Music and meaning are perfectly blended with dramatisation.

Finally and supremely, character. Hamlet is a baffled intellectual and a philosophic doubter, called upon by his father's ghost to act, to do something about his father's murder; practically astute enough to evade the traps laid for him by the murderer, he fails in action, falling between two stools marked Justice and Mercy.

The mind of Hamlet is the play's chief person, and it is this mind, which even murder could not prompt to action, that is universally accepted as the greatest figure in dramatic literature. Proof that "Hamlet" is a masterpiece of compelling force could go no further.

***Famous Names—of people, places and things—are the guide marks to History. In this new* JOHN BULL *series, Harold Brighouse recalls the stories that lie behind them with interesting facts which may be fresh to many of us.*

SIX MONTHS AGO THEY WERE HEROES

Something must be done to cheer the lot of our returned prisoners of war. The brass-bands that welcomed them home are now silent. The men are again "in captivity"—this time in remote British camps. They are bored and restricted. "There's muddle and heartlessness in high places," say the P.o.Ws.

by DAVID J. MURPHY

Repatriated P.o.W.s will not forget their first cup of English tea. But now they are "caged" in dismal camps up and down the country. At one camp, the welcome call of the YMCA mobile canteen was considered "unnecessary."

REMEMBER HOW GRATITUDE for VE Day welled up into a roar of welcome for the tens of thousands of our men who were rushed home from the German prisoner-of-war camps?

There were military bands to meet the ships and canteens to meet the planes that brought them. "Brass hats" made speeches on the quayside. Nothing was allowed to stand in the way of reunion with their families.

But that was six months ago. What are they doing now? How are they being treated?

If the answer doesn't shock you, then this nation has become callous and cynical to a degree never previously reached in its history.

Some of these men who came back from imprisonment in Germany are being scandalously treated. From camps in various parts of the country there have recently been disquieting reports of bad food, appalling living conditions and a general air of possible revolt.

I have just been to one of the camps. The men marooned in it all spent years under Nazi guard. Some were captured as far back as Calais, some in North Africa, some in the early days of the Italian campaign, and all are due to be demobilised during the next six months.

In view of all they have been through, you would think their final months in the Army might well be spent in modern, decent quarters—and in a city or town.

Apparently that is not the War Office way.

These men are in a collection of Nissen huts, six miles from a town notorious for its genteel snobbery. The ground is such that a shower of rain turns it into a quagmire.

The first men arrived there, after six weeks' repatriation leave at home, to find a handful of Pioneers vainly trying to establish some order out of chaos. No arrangements had been made about food, there was no fuel, and the bedding—such as it was—arrived just before nightfall.

Reduced in Rank

One of these first arrivals, incidentally, was a glider pilot. Had he been in the R.A.F., he would have received automatic promotion even while in German hands. But within a month of his repatriation the War Office informed him by letter that he had been reduced from staff sergeant to plain sergeant—with appropriate reductions in pay and allowances!

As no rations were supplied on their first day at the camp, the men—who had no officer—hitch-hiked to the nearest town with the intention of getting a meal at the Y.M.C.A. But the moment they reached the place they were pounced on by military police and asked to show their leave passes.

They had no passes, as there was no one who could sign them, so they were promptly bundled back to camp—foodless.

As the days passed, things were somehow knocked into rough-and-ready shape, and other repatriates from all parts of the country began to drift in.

One of the later arrivals found that his best pal had been in the advance party. These two men had joined up together, were captured together, had spent all their years of captivity together, and came home on the same ship. But they had only been chatting five minutes when it transpired that one had been given six weeks' repatriation leave—the other 14 weeks.

Nothing to Do

Eventually there were nearly 200 men from 50 different units. The great problem was to find them something to do; and that is still the problem.

A few days ago, it was decided that they ought to do a route march. Exactly why this should be done no one seemed to know, but eventually a squad was fallen in by a Guards' sergeant.

More than half the squad proved medically unfit to do any kind of marching—but those who were fit set out. One of them was due to be demobilised the very next day!

We hear a good deal nowadays about the grave shortage of doctors in civilian life. But some of these men ask very pointedly what the Army doctors and dentists are supposed to be doing. One of the men in this camp, who contracted gastric ulcers while in Germany, had been living for days on toast—breakfast, dinner and tea—while someone, somewhere was trying to locate an Army doctor who would see him.

Another man is walking around the camp with footless socks—and the chilly mud in this camp has to be seen to be believed. He can't buy socks because he has no coupons.

He applied to the stores for a pair and was asked when he would be demobilised. He replied that he was due out in a matter of weeks. His request was promptly turned down on the excuse that he hadn't long to wait before he would be drawing his civilian issue.

A Grenadier Guards' sergeant, who will have been demobilised by now, told me of another attempt that was made to fill the men's time. This took the form of elementary drill.

"Talk about Fred Karno's army," he said with a twisted grin. "You've never seen anything like it. My last squad numbered three. I gave them five minutes of stuff that would have been marvellous in 1938. Then it took me half-an-hour to sort them out."

Still another time-filling effort was introduced by some higher-up, who had materials sent along from which the men were supposed to make up simple items of equipment. But they had all been so long in captivity that sabotage was second nature to them, and they quite unconsciously ruined so many of the materials that this scheme was a resounding flop.

Sent to "Glass House"

In such circumstances, it was not difficult to see that trouble was just round the corner. Could men be blamed for not hurrying back from leave? Yet one man, who had spent five years in the Army, four of them in German hands, committed his first Service crime when he arrived back 16 hours late from leave. He was given seven days' detention.

Another man, driven to desperation by boredom, broke out of the camp. On the day after I was there he was going away for 14 days' detention in the nearest "glass house."

Yet these men had not even been content to wait for the authorities to find them something to do. They had pestered their officers with applications for courses that would help them when they returned to civilian life.

One of them, formerly a teacher, made three separate requests for a refresher course. Knowing that the country needs 70,000 teachers, he argued that, while awaiting demob., he might as well take advantage of any training that was going. He is still waiting—doing crosswords and anything else he can find to kill time.

Women's Sympathy

The only people who have shown the slightest sympathy for them are the men at a near-by R.A.F. camp, and the women workers of the local Y.M.C.A.

As soon as these women heard of the circumstances, they sent a mobile canteen to the camp. It was welcomed warmly. A few days later, on the instructions of the area welfare authorities, the canteen was withdrawn on the grounds that its services were not needed.

Let me make it clear that the men do not blame their officers. They declare that the muddle and heartlessness is at a higher level, and point to the posting to Germany of repatriated men from Group 26 and over as an indication that years in German prison camps cannot amount to much in the eyes of officialdom.

If men who have spent three years in Japanese hands can obtain automatic discharge, there is much to be said for applying the same treatment to men who spent four and five years in German hands—though the lads at this camp were prompt to point out to me the great difference in the treatment meted out to prisoners by the Germans and the Japanese.

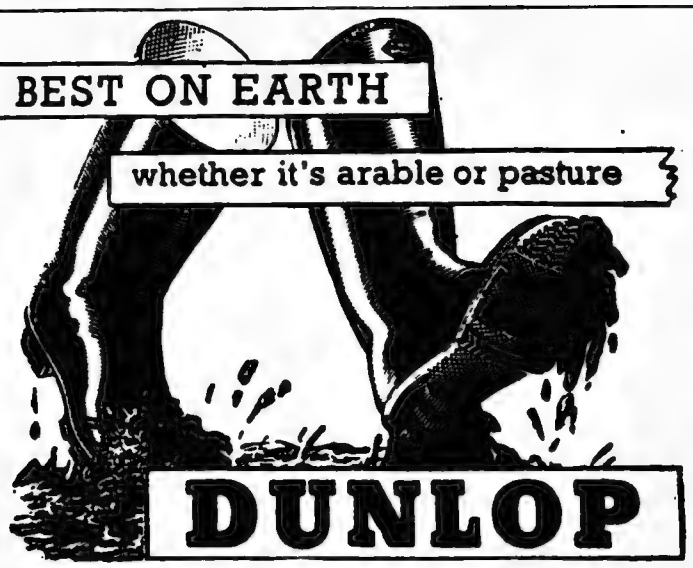
Whether from German or Jap prisons, our repatriates need careful treatment and excellent conditions to prepare them for return to civil and civilised life. They must not become forgotten men.

And the War Office must be made to remove any justification for the bitter comment of one of them:

"I came home from a German prison camp only to find myself in something almost as bad—right here in Britain."

BEST ON EARTH

whether it's arable or pasture



DUNLOP

"Walters" Palm

TOFFEE

How to brush your teeth

(No. 1 OF A SERIES. Cut it out and keep it)

INSIDE LOWER FRONT TEETH

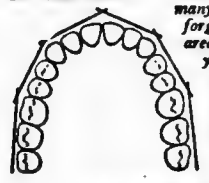
Never brush "across" your teeth. Place brush inside mouth as shown. Use a brisk "pull up" action. Include the gum in each "upward" stroke. 6 times.

OUTSIDE LOWER FRONT TEETH

Place bristles on gum as shown. Twist the wrist and sweep bristles "upwards." This way gums are massaged, food particles removed.

THE object of brushing your teeth is to keep the gums healthy and to remove microbe-breeding food particles. Brushing your teeth "any old how" is not much use. Correct brushing is the best protection against decay.

SIX SECTIONS. Without knowing it many people habitually forget to brush certain areas. Always brush your teeth section by section (as shown). Give each section 6 strokes before passing on to the next.



ALWAYS—Use an unwetted toothbrush. Clean your teeth last thing at night and after breakfast. Keep at least two toothbrushes — use them alternately. Visit your dentist regularly.

USE YOUR Wisdom REGD. WISELY

MADE BY ADDIS LTD., MAKERS OF THE FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 178

SOFTEX

SOFT . . : SOFTER . . .

SOFTEX

TOILET TISSUE

HYGIENIC ECONOMICAL

A SWAN MILL PRODUCT, LONDON, W.1.

When I have a COUGH or COLD I always get . . .

. . . and feel much better!

1/3 INCLUDING PUR. TAX

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

A BISCUIT KEEPS YOU GOING . . .

Wet or fine, young or old, there is nothing like biscuits to restore energy and forestall tiredness.

Issued by the Cake & Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd. CVS-11

CHRISTOPHER STONE SAYS

'How right you'll be to choose

BUSH RADIO'

AVAILABLE SOON —ask your Bush dealer

BUSH RADIO LTD., POWER RD., CHISWICK, W.4 royds 454D

When INDIGESTION

Makes eating no pleasure,

Try Rennies and you

Will discover a treasure

There's no pleasure in eating when it's followed by agonizing pain. But, you can eat anything you like — and enjoy it — if you let Rennies do their job.

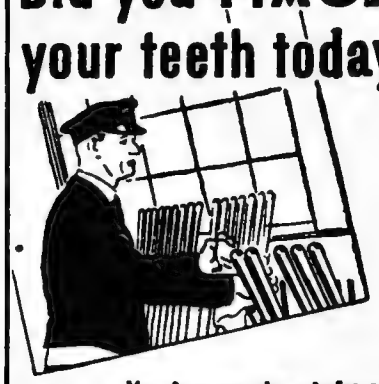
Digestif Rennies are pleasant-tasting tablets, separately wrapped; so you can carry them loose. No water or spoon needed, and no time wasted. You just pop one into your mouth and suck it like a sweet, then another. In record time, Rennies will neutralize your excess acid, and bring speedy relief.

If Rennies don't shift your indigestion, it's high time you saw your doctor about it.

DIGESTIF RENNIES

2S FOR 7P (TAX INC.)

Did you MACLEAN your teeth today?



You're on the right track!

Macleans Tooth Paste—1/1 per tube

KYE

1/-

100. WATTS 1'6 PURCHASE TAX EXTRA

in the socket SAVES YOUR POCKET

Winter days mean fewer, shorter walks for your dog. But in spite of restricted exercise "one Bob Martin's once a day" will help to keep him healthy Regular conditioning will rid his blood of impurities, help to promote the growth of a warm coat, and keep him a fit, contented companion. In packets, 9 for 7d.

BOB MARTIN'S Condition Powder Tablets keep dogs fit

Competitions Calling!

HE WON £500—SO CAN YOU!

"TO say I'm overjoyed is putting it very mildly." In those words a 30-year-old man in the Argylls summed up the tremendous thrill brought to him by a telegram from Long Acre the other Friday. That message, addressed to L/Cpl. T. W. Parry, Winston Barracks, Lanark, told him that in *Bullets* 1,500th Contest he had won the £500 First Prize.

A regular entrant before the war, L/Cpl. Parry had to give up his hobby for nearly six years. The fact that he won his £500 with only his second entry after starting *Bullets* again and the easy way in which he fitted together his winning words prove that any average reader can win the £500 prize offered this week.

"After a few minutes' thought," he related, "I jotted down, *Wiser World—Ensuring In Sharing*. I did not think much of that, but saw the possibilities in the word 'sharing.' A day or two later the idea of sharing the atom secret as well as the world's good things occurred to me and I soon completed my First Prize *Bullet*, WISER WORLD—ALL SHARING 'THE SECRET.'"

Nothing at all difficult about that, was there? Very well, then. To win a prize in this week's Record Post-war Offer of 100 Christmas Eve Cheques, tackle your *Bullets* in the same common-sense way and on Friday, December 21, a £500

telegram from *John Bull* may well come to *you!*

1st, 2nd, 3rd.

First Prize *Bullet* No. 1,503, winning £250 for reader A. McCabe, 11, Ashley Gdns., West Hartlepool: Britain's Hard Up, But — Better Lacking Than Lackey!

Second Prize of £25: Crowded Out — Through "Going With Crowd" (*G. Morris*, 62, *Hornby Rd., Blackpool*). Third Prize, £10: Tame — "Lion" — Only Between "Shows" (*P. Davies*, 13, *Cymmer Rd., Bridgend*).

Special Christmas Awards, as announced added to First, Second and Third Prizes, also to £5 and £2 10s. awards.

Other Winners

To Youth—Hand "Torch," Not Flame-thrower! (£5, *J. M. Agnew, High Street, Lurgan, N. Ireland*); Takes The Bows—Foreman — *I've* Got Backache! (£5, *J. B. Beggs*, 4, *Lucerne Parade, Belfast*); To End The Deadlock—Barmaid Stood Both Scots! (£5, *P. Briggs*, 22, *Vicarage Gdns., Clacton-on-Sea*); Takes The Medicine—Grandpa—To Prove Uselessness! (£5, *Mrs. Costello*, 315, *Higher Lane—Please send full address*); Crowded Out—Scullery—Dad's Tidied Shed! (£5, *J. R. Dennis*, 367, *Convamore Rd., Grimsby*); What Home Means—Ever Watched Troopship Berth? (£5, *V. L. Jones*, 21, *Kingley Rd., Cashes Green, Stroud, Glos.*); Britain's Hard Up, But—Only "Drained," Not "Ditched" (£5, *S/Ldr. R. G. King, Officers' Mess, R.A.F., Dunkeswell, Nr. Honiton*); Hideous Mistake — After Mistake, Perfecting Warfare! (£5, *R. MacFarlane*, 165, *Dalmarnock Rd., Glasgow*); Seems To Help—Me, Sonny *Trying* To (£5, *T. Storm*, 13, *Tower Hill, Hessle, E. Yorks*); Voice Of Humanity—*First* "Call" Nurse Answered (£5, *W. Whitaker*, 65, *Conway Rd., Cwmpark, Treorchy, Glam.*).

Notifications to 10 £2 10s. winners, and 100 winners of Christmas Cakes (list at these offices) have been posted—also 1,500 Merit Awards.

Rules of Contests

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. —no free extra entries now permitted. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O., make payable to *John Bull*, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated Dec. 29, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

GILBERT WILKINSON ILLUSTRATES A 'BULLET'

"Let Me Go!"—Bagpipes Almost Implore Sandy!

THE WISDOM OF MAKING A WILL

Unless you make a will the provision for your dependents may be different from that which you had intended. Several reasons, including unwillingness to place the responsibility of executorship upon the shoulders of an intimate friend or relative, who may predecease you, may have caused you to defer completing plans for the future.

No need exists for further delay, since you can appoint this Company as executor and/or trustee, either solely or jointly with your wife or husband, a relative, or a friend, and thus be assured of continuity of administration and of security. You are invited to ask any branch manager of the Bank for particulars of this service. Alternatively, you may apply to one of the Company's own offices at the following points:

Head Office: Poultry, London, E.C. 2. *Branches:* 70 Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1, and in Bangor, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Brighton, Bristol, Carlisle, Hull, Leeds, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham, Oswestry, Sheffield, Swansea and Torquay.

MIDLAND BANK
EXECUTOR & TRUSTEE
COMPANY LIMITED

CLUES FOR £100 CROSSWORD

WITH the square below you can win yourself an extra Merry Christmas, if you're quick! Another £100 Xword First must be won, as well as prizes value £25 for Runners-up. Fine 4-lb. Fruit Cakes are added to every prize of 5s. or more, and all cheques will reach winners by Christmas.

Across

1. In spring, farmer at times worries when rain does this
3. Is likely to throw hiker out of his stride
6. People are impatient with this if action is too long delayed
8. May, for a time, give a man clearer insight into things
9. Was often invaluable asset to the besieged
12. Serious strain can be caused by athletic these
13. It's always easy to slip on

Down

1. Some artists don't deserve such meagre this as they get
2. In some cases improves yield of crops
4. Has been known to cost authorities tens of thousands
5. Some become mellow and seasoned, others just old and sleepy
7. Can be upset by a very small thing
10. There are still many old-fashioned folk suspicious of
11. Most people have no use for threadbare one

Xword 455 Result

WINNING WORDS. Across: 1. Trace or Trade. 2. Scar. 5. Wills. 8. Scone. 11. Suet. 12. Hose or Howe. Down: 1. Toll. 3. Rain. 4. Glee. 6. Tack, Tick or Tuck. 7. Die. 8. Sales. 9. Beach. 10. Rat.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: F. Heeley, 17, Hyde Green, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 16 entrants. Winner and Runners-up receive Xmas Cakes in addition.

£500 FOR 2, 3 or 4 WORDS

TO make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example* from end of list, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

HAPPIER WORLD
MAGIC OF CHRISTMAS
PLAN FOR PROGRESS
MANKIND'S BLESSINGS
MISSING SOMETHING
IN THE ATOMIC AGE
WITH GOODWILL
HUMAN WRECKAGE
ONE FAMILY
LEFT AND RIGHT
PRETTY GRIM
THE RIGHT STUFF
HOLDS THE RECORD
LIKE CINDERELLA
AT SONNY'S PARTY
ON THE TABLE

100 Prize Cheques

Doubled Christmas First, £500; Second, £25; Third, £10; 2 of £8; 3 of £6; 4 of £4; 4 of £3; 4 of £2; 80 of £1; 1,500 Merit Awards.

All cheques posted in time for Christmas—post your entry by Monday, Dec. 10.

DAD'S PRESENT
JUST THE SAME
I LIKE CAROLS, BUT
FOAMING AT THE MOUTH

INCOMPLETE "EXAMPLES"
See instructions.

REMEMBER THE.....AND
NICE TO.....
WHAT ..... SAID
CAN'T HELP.....
BAFFLED .....
SPECTRE OF .....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" 1507 (or XWORD 459), "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

HOW TO ENTER FOR "JOHN BULL'S" £100 XWORD

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

ENTRY FEE—6d.

For this one Square, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d., to cover also cost of printing, despatch and posting to you of *John Bull's* interesting and helpful *Crossword Gazette* dated Dec. 29. If no *Gazette* required, one additional plain-paper list of Answers allowed.

I enclose 6d. P.O.

No.....

459 Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 10.

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

POST THIS "BULLETS" COUPON BY MON., DEC. 10

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____

For £50 "Bulletin" dated Dec. 29, enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope

I enclose P.O. value .....

No.....

1,507 Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 10.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Do people love to see you smile?

the answer's on the tip of your tongue

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film clean away.

7½d. and 1/6. Pepsodent Tooth Paste 1/3 and 2/2

John Freeman & Co. Ltd., 'Spa' Brush Works, Chesham, Bucks

NOW on the benches

SOON in the shops

At last we can begin to get down to the job that we've been waiting to do—make radio sets again for *you!* Limited supplies only, but they will start coming through to the shops soon. If you need a new radio, keep in touch with your Ekco Dealer.

EKCO RADIO

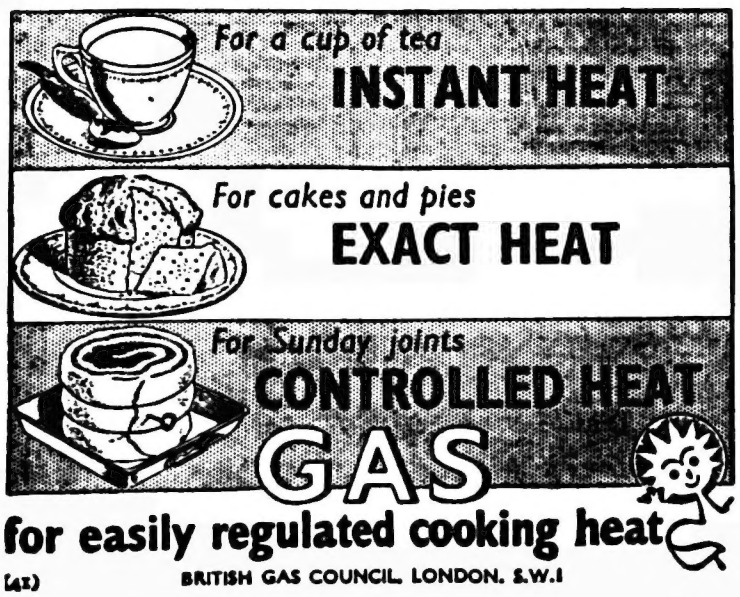
—but where's Daddy?

Back home in Canada after five years' war service, Mrs. Monette's husband is getting a house ready for his English wife and fine baby son. Mrs. Monette says: "I'm looking forward to housekeeping out there—I love everything new. For example: I always do my washing the Rinso no-boil way. It's the *modern* washing method. It's so easy and quick and gives a grand white wash in less time!"

RINSO is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. and 7d. packets

Selling Agents: Hudson & Knight Limited

R 3301-621



for easily regulated cooking heat

(42) BRITISH GAS COUNCIL, LONDY. S.W.1

write to JOHN BULL *about it*

Continued from page 3

HUSBAND PAYS WIFE'S DEBTS

period of training is completed. Full membership is not generally granted until after a specified interval of time has elapsed.

Carpenter's Ticket

"I AM A carpenter-joiner and want to get a union ticket. I am working for a non-union firm—I was directed into it—and none of the others have a ticket.

"I am told that I have to get a union member to vouch for my dependability before I can join. Is there any other way I can get a ticket?"

✓It is true that, in order to be admitted to the Amalgamated Society of Woodworkers you have to be proposed and seconded by members of the Union. If you do not know two members, you should apply to the General Secretary of the Union, 161, Wilmslow Road, Withington, Manchester, for the name of the local Branch Secretary or Organiser.

When you have found out who and where he is, apply to him for assistance. That appears to be the best way to solve your problem.

Debt Taken from Tax

"I GOT MARRIED on April 2, 1945, making me due for a rebate on Income Tax which I have not received. At the end of September, I received a form from the Income Tax officer stating that I owed them £10 16s.

"I went to the office to find out the meaning of this demand and was told it was my wife's. She has never earned enough to pay more than a few shillings in taxation.

"I told them about the repayment due to me for my marriage, which they told me amounted to £18 8s. 8d. The day after this I received a cheque from the Inspector to the value of £7 12s. 8d. He had deducted the £10 16s.

"I need this money now. Was the Income Tax officer correct in claiming this £10 16s.? If I am liable to pay it, it would be more convenient for me to pay in weekly instalments. What do you advise?"

✓The first thing for you to realise is that a man is liable for his wife's debts, including any income-tax on her income after the date of marriage. But he cannot (except by his own consent) be made liable for an amount outstanding before that date.

You are, therefore, entitled to protest against the deduction of the £10 16s. from your repayment. But it is not as simple as that. Protest by all means. But if your wife did owe that amount before marriage, and you refuse to pay up, proceedings may now be taken against her to recover the debt. Unless she has money of her own or can get it from a relative she will be "on the spot."

I might point out, too, that if you had married her a week later you would not have received that £7 12s. 8d. Why not leave things as they are?

Wife's Income

"MY HUSBAND is in the R.A.F. and his income is about £2 5s. a week. We have one child. I am at present working and earning £3 a week. I shall give up work when my husband is demobilised.

"When he fills in his income tax return, will he have to return my former income on this form although I shall not actually be working? How will he manage about allowances? I understand they will add my husband's pay in the R.A.F. from last April to his civilian pay when he recommences work, but will give him the full year's allowances."

✓When your husband makes an income tax return after he is demobilised, he should disclose the fact that you have been in employment. He should quote the district and reference number on your last coding notice.

When you give up your present employment, you will be given a small form (P.45) in duplicate which states the amount of your earnings from April 6, 1945, to date, and the amount of tax deducted, if any. You should send both parts of this form to the Inspector of Taxes, with the request that the balance of your husband's allowances be re-transferred to him.

The amount to be given him for the current year will depend on how much you have earned to date, and how much of his allowances you have absorbed.

For example, if you had earned £3 a week for thirty weeks—total £90—this is barely enough to cover your earned income allowance. (This is reckoned one-tenth of your income plus the special £80 allowance for married women in employment.)

In that case, the whole of the £140 married man's allowance, plus £50 allowance for your child, will be available for re-transfer to your husband.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

THE OTLEY KOREANS

Bakers of Codsall, who introduced RUSSELL LUPINS to the gardening world in 1937, NOW RELEASE THE NEWS OF A NEW RACE OF HYBRID KOREAN CHRYSANTHEMUMS, which, one Gardening Editor says, "should cause a stir." Crossed with the original Koreans for colour, size of bloom, shape and stature of plant, these hybrids, to be known as "OTLEY KOREANS," form compact, bushy plants, smothered in hundreds of blooms (a photograph shows one plant carrying 450). They are mainly doubles and semi-doubles. Some are singles of great beauty.

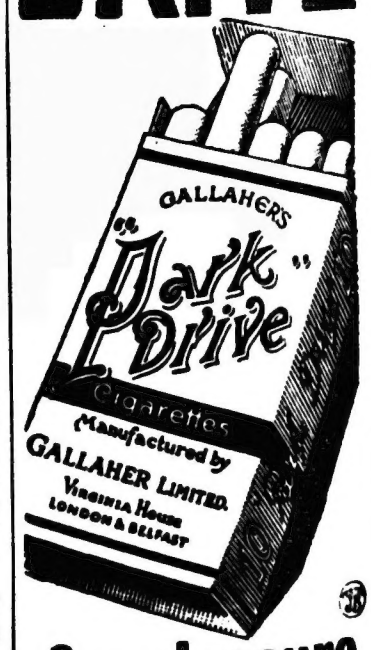
"BAKERS have made another hit . . . It is certain they are going to command keen sales. A most captivating collection" (Trade Journal. "This new prize . . . extraordinarily free flowering" (Horticultural Advertiser).

Space does not permit details of collections available, so SEND NOW FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST (1d. stamp). LIMITED STOCKS.

BAKERS, Dept. 47, Codsall, Wolverhampton

WHEN
GOOD TIMES RETURN—SO
WILL H. SAMUEL WATCHES!
—and, thanks to our wartime research and experience they'll be finer than ever in design, precision and value.
H. SAMUEL FOR GOOD WATCHES
99 BRANCHES
No Post Orders
H. SAMUEL LTD., Headquarters:
MARKET STREET,
Manchester, 1

PARK DRIVE



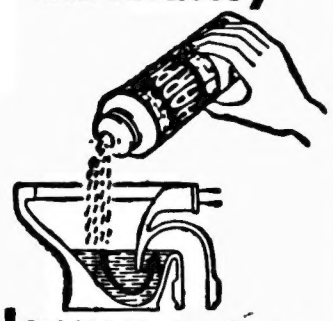
for pleasure

Absent friends and members of the family appreciate the kindly thought that prompts the sending of a Greeting Card. It is a charming custom that has endured for generations, and one, in these difficult days, that is more than ever essential. On every occasion, never forget to send a Greeting Card.

THE GREETING CARD AND CALENDAR ASSOCIATION

76 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON, E.C.2

Specially made to clean the lavatory



1 Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible. Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend.

2 Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see, as well.

Because it is specially made for cleaning the lavatory, Harpic does the job effectively and easily. Its thorough action removes all discoloration — cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan. Just sprinkle it into the lavatory and leave as long as possible. Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white!

HARPIC

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'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets

(Regd.)

By effectively correcting acidity 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets give prompt relief from indigestion. They are convenient to carry and may be taken as required.

Recommended by Members of the Medical Profession

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

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For over 50 years the name "WHITEWAY" on a label has been a guarantee of purity and quality. When purchasing Whiteway's Port-Style Wines and British Sherry you can be sure that, from the time the Grapes are gathered in the Vineyards of the "Sunny South" until the Wine has reached the final stage of blending and maturing at our Winery in "Glorious Devon," the greatest care has been taken in every process of production.

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Send a Thanksgiving Peace Donation to Field-Marshal The Earl of Cavan, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1. ★Organisers of Victory Celebrations are specially asked to donate the proceeds to the Army Benevolent Fund

† Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

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